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LETTERS

Thos. ✓ OF Taylor

ABELARD

May 4th AND 13 1747

HELOISE.

To which is prefix'd,

A particular Account of their LIVES, AMOURS, and MISFORTUNES.

Extracted chiefly from Monsieur *BAYLE*.

Translated from the *French*.

The SIXTH EDITION, Corrected.

To which is added,

HELOISE to ABELARD, by Mr. *Pope*.

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL,

For JOSEPH LEATHLEY, Bookseller, in *Dame-Street*, M,DCC,XL.

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PREFACE.

IT is very surprizing that the Letters of Abelard *and* Heloise *have not sooner appeared in* English, *since it is generally allow'd by all who have seen them in other Languages that they are written with the greatest Passion of any in this Kind which are extant. And it is certain that the* Letters from a Nun to a Cavalier, *which have so long been known and admired among us, are in all Respects inferior to them, whatever those were, these are known to be genuine Pieces, occasioned by an Amour which had very extraordinary Consequences, and made a great Noise at the Time when it happen'd, being between two of the most distinguish'd Persons of that Age.*

These Letters therefore being truly written by the Persons themselves, whose Names they bear, and who were both remarkable for their Genius and Learning, as well as by a most extravagant Passion for each other, are every where full of Sentiments of the Heart, (which

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are not to be imitated in a feigned Story) and Touches of Nature, much more moving than any which could flow from the Pen of a Writer of Novels, or enter into the Imagination of any one who had not felt the like Emotions and Diſtreſſes.

They were originally written in Latin, *and are extant in a Collection of the Works of* Abelard, *printed at* Paris *in the Year* 1616. *With what Elegance and Beauty of Style they were written in that Language, will ſufficiently appear to the learned Reader, even by thoſe few Citations which are ſet at the Bottom of the Page in ſome Places of the following Hiſtory. But the Book here mentioned conſiſting chiefly of School Divinity, and of the Learning of thoſe Times, and therefore being rarely to be met with but in publick Libraries, and in the Hands of ſome learned Men, the Letters of* Abelard *and* Heloiſe *are much more known by a Tranſlation, or rather Paraphraſe of them in* French, *firſt publiſh'd at the* Hague, *in* 1693. *and which afterwards received ſeveral other more compleat Editions. This Tranſlation is much applauded, but who was the Author of it is not certainly known. Monſieur* Bayle, *ſays, he had been inform'd it was done by a Woman; and perhaps he thought no one beſides cou'd have enter'd ſo thoroughly into the Paſſion and Tenderneſs of ſuch Writings, for which that Sex ſeems to have a more natural Diſpoſition than the other. This may be judg'd by*

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by the Letters themſelves, among which thoſe of Heloiſe *are the moſt Tender and Moving, and the Maſter ſeems in this Particular to have been excell'd by the Scholar.*

In ſome of the latter Editions in French, *there has been prefix'd to the Letters an Hiſtorical Account of* Abelard *and* Heloiſe; *this is chiefly extracted from the Preface of the Editor of* Abelard's *Works in* Latin, *and from the Critical Dictionary of Monſieur* Bayle*, *who has put together, under ſeveral Articles, all the Particulars he was able to collect concerning theſe two famous Perſons: And tho' the firſt Letter of* Abelard *to* Philintus, *in which he relates his own Story, may ſeem to have renderd this Account in part unneceſſary; yet the Reader will not be diſpleas'd to ſee the Thread of the Relation entire, and continued to the Death of the Perſons whoſe Misfortunes had made their Lives ſo very remarkable.*

It is indeed impoſſible to be unmov'd at th-ſurprizing and multiply'd Afflictions and Perſecutions which befel a Man of Abelard's *fine Genius, when we ſee them ſo feelingly deſcrib'd by his own Hand. Many of theſe were owing to the Malice of ſuch as were his Enemies on the Account of his ſuperior Learning and Merit; yet the great Calamities of his Life took their riſe from his unhappy Indulgence of a*

*Vide Artic. Abelard, Heloiſe, Foulques *and* Paraclete.

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criminal Passion, and giving himself a loose to unwarrantable Pleasures. After this he was perpetually involved in Sorrow and Distress, and in vain sought for Ease and Quiet in a Monastick Life. The Letters between him and his beloved Heloise *were not written till long after their Marriage and Separation, and when each of them was dedicated to a Life of Religion. Accordingly we find in them surprizing Mixtures of Devotion and Tenderness, of Penitence and remaining Frailty, and a lively Picture of Human Nature in its Contrarieties of Passion and Reason, its Infirmities and its Sufferings.*

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THE HISTORY OF *Abelard* and *Heloise*.

PETER *ABELARD* was born in the Village of *Palais*, in *Britany*. He lived in the twelfth Century in the Reigns of *Lewis the Groſs*, and *Lewis the Young*. His Father's Name was *Beranger*, a Gentleman of a conſiderable and wealthy Family. He took Care to give his Children a liberal and pious Educaon; eſpecially his eldeſt Son *Peter*, on whom he endeavour'd to beſtow all poſſible Improvements, becauſe there appear'd in him an extraordinary Vivacity of Wit, join'd with Sweetneſs of Temper, and all imaginable Preſages of a great Man.

WHEN he had made ſome Advancement in Learning, he grew ſo fond of his Books, that, leſt Affairs of the World might interrupt his Proficiency in them, he quitted his Birth-right to his younger Brothers, and applied himſelf entirely to the Studies of Philoſophy and Divinity.

OF all the Sciences to which he applied himſelf, that which pleaſed him moſt, and in which he made the

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the greateſt Progreſs, was Logick. He had a very ſubtle Wit, and was inceſſantly whetting it by Diſputes, out of a reſtleſs Ambition to be Maſter of his Weapons, ſo that in a ſhort Time, he gain'd the Reputation of the greateſt Philoſopher of his Age; and has always been eſteem'd the Founder of what we call the *Learning of the Schoolmen*.

He finiſhed his Studies at *Paris*, where Learning was then in a very flouriſhing Condition. In this City he found that famous Profeſſor of Philoſophy, *William des Campeaux*, and ſoon became his favourite Scholar; but this did not laſt long. The Profeſſor was ſo hard put to it, to anſwer the ſubtile Objections of his new Scholar, that he grew uneaſy with him. The School ſoon run into Parties. The Senior Scholars, tranſported with Envy againſt *Abelard*, ſeconded their Maſter's Reſentment. All this ſerv'd only to increaſe the young Man's Preſumption; who now thought himſelf ſufficiently qualified to ſet up a School of his own. For this Purpoſe he choſe an advantageous Place, which was the Town of *Melun*, ten Leagues from *Paris*, where the *French* Court reſided at that Time, *Campeaux* did all that he could to hinder the erecting of this School; but ſome of the great Courtiers being his Enemies, the Oppoſition he made to it only promoted the Deſign of his Rival.

The Reputation of this new Profeſſor made a marvellous Progreſs, and eclipſed that of *Campeaux*: Theſe Succeſſes ſwelled *Abelard* ſo much, that he removed his School to *Corbeil*, in order to engage his Enemy the cloſer in more frequent Diſputations. But his exceſſive Application to Study brought upon him a long and dangerous Sickneſs, which conſtrained him to return to his Native Air.

After he had ſpent two Years in his own Country, he made a ſecond Adventure to *Paris*, where he found that his old Antagoniſt *Campeaux* had reſign'd his Chair to another, and was retired into a Convent of *Canons Regular*, among whom he continued his Lectures. *Abelard* attackt him with ſuch Fury, that he quickly forced him to renounce his Tenets. Whereupon

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upon the poor Monk became so despicable, and his Antagonist in such great Esteem, that no Body went to the Lectures of *Champeaux*, and the very Man who succeeded him in his Professorship, listed under *Abelard*, and became his Scholar.

He was scarce fix'd in his Chair, before he found himself exposed more than ever to the Strokes of the most cruel Envy. Endeavours were used to do him ill Offices by all those who were any ways disaffected to him; another Professor was put into his Place who had thought it his Duty to submit to *Abelard*; in short, so many Enemies were raised against him, that he was forced to retreat from *Paris* to *Melun*, and there revive his Logick Lectures. But this held not long; for hearing that *Champeaux* with all his Infantry was retir'd into a Country Village, he came and posted himself on Mount St. *Genevieve*, where he erected a new School, like a kind of Battery against him whom *Champeaux* had left to teach in *Paris*.

CHAMPEAUX understanding that his Substitute was thus besieged in his School, brought the *Regular Canons* back again to their Monastery. But this, instead of relieving his Friend, caused all his Scholars to desert him. At which the poor Philosopher was so mortified, that he followed the Example of his Patron *Champeaux*, and turn'd Monk too.

The Dispute now lay wholly between *Abelard* and *Champeaux*, who renew'd it with great warmth on both Sides; but the Senior had not the best on't. While it was depending, *Abelard* was obliged to visit his Father and Mother, who according to the Fashion of those Times had resolv'd to forsake the World, and retire into Convents, in order to devote themselves more seriously to the Care of their Salvation.

Having assisted at the Admission of his Parents into their respective Monasteries, and received their Blessing, he return'd to *Paris*, where, during his Absence, his Rival had been promoted to the Bishoprick of *Chalons*. And now being in a Condition to quit his School without any Suspicion of flying from his Enemy, he resolved to apply himself wholly to Divinity.

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To this End he removed to *Laon*, where one *Anſelm* read Divinity-Lectures with good Reputation. But *Abelard* was ſo little ſatisfied with the old Man's Abilities, who, as he ſays, had a very mean Genius, and a great Fluency of Words without Senſe, that he took a Reſolution for the future, to hear no other Maſter than the Holy Scriptures. A good Reſolution! if a Man take the Spirit of God for his Guide, and be more concerned to diſtinguiſh Truth from Falſhood, than to confirm himſelf in thoſe Principles into which his own Fancy or Complection, or the prejudices of his Birth and Education, have inſenſibly led him.

ABELARD, together with the Holy Scriptures, read the ancient Fathers and Doctors of the Church; in which he ſpent whole Days and Nights, and profited ſo well, that inſtead of returning to *Anſelm*'s Lectures, he took up the ſame Employment, and begun to explain the Prophet *Ezekiel* to ſome of his Fellow-Pupils; He perform'd this Part ſo agreeably, and in ſo eaſy a Method, that he ſoon got a Croud of Auditors.

THE jealous *Anſelm* could not bear this; he quickly found means to get the new Lecturer ſilenc'd. Upon this *Abelard* remov'd to *Paris* once more, where he proceeded with his publick Expoſition on *Ezekiel*, and ſoon acquir'd the ſame Reputation for his Divinity, he had before gained for his Philoſophy. His Eloquence and Learning procur'd him an incredible Number of Scholars from all Parts; ſo that if he had minded ſaving of Money, he might have grown rich with Eaſe in a ſhort Time. And happy it had been for him, if among all the Enemies his Learning expoſed him to, he had guarded his Heart againſt the Charms of Love. But alas! the greateſt Doctors are not always the wiſeſt Men; as appears from Examples in every Age; but from none more remarkable than that of this Learned Man, whoſe Story I am now going to tell you.

ABELARD, beſides his uncommon Merit as a Scholar, had all the Accompliſhments of a Gentleman. He

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He had a Greatneſs of Soul which nothing could ſhock, his Paſſions were delicate, his Judgment ſolid and his Taſte exquiſite. He was of a graceful Perſon, and carried himſelf with the Air of a Man of Quality. His Converſation was Sweet, Complaiſant, Eaſie, and Gentleman-like. It ſeem'd as tho' Nature had deſign'd him for a more elevated Employment than that of teaching the Sciences. He look'd upon Riches and Grandeur with Contempt, and had no higher Ambition than to make his Name Famous among Learned Men, and to be reputed the greateſt Doctor of his Age; but he had human Frailty, and all his Philoſophy could not guard him from the Attacks of Love. For ſome Time indeed he had defended himſelf againſt this Paſſion pretty well, when the Temptation was but ſlight; but upon a more intimate Familiarity with agreeable Objects, he found his Reaſon fail him: Yet, in reſpect to his Wiſdom, he thought of compounding the Matter, and reſolv'd at firſt, that Love and Philoſophy ſhould dwell together in the ſame Breaſt. He intended only to let out his Heart to the Former, and that but for a little while; never conſidering that Love is a great Ruiner of Projects; and that when it has once got a Share in a Heart, it is eaſy to poſſeſs it ſelf of the whole.

HE was now in the Seven or Eight and Twentieth Year of his Age, when he thought himſelf compleatly happy in all Reſpects, excepting that he wanted a Miſtreſs. He conſider'd therefore of making a Choice, but ſuch a one as might be moſt ſuitable to his Notions, and the Deſign he had of paſſing agreeably thoſe Hours he did not employ in his Study. He had ſeveral Ladies in his Eye, to whom, as he ſays in one of his Letters, he could eaſily have recommended himſelf. For you muſt underſtand, that beſides his Qualifications mention'd before, he had a Vein of Poetry, and made Abundance of little eaſie Songs, which he would ſing with all the Advantage of a gallant Air and pleaſant Voice. But tho' he was cut out for a Lover, he was not over-haſty in determining his Choice. He was not of a Humour to be pleas'd with the Wanton

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or Forward, ; he ſcorn'd eaſie Pleaſures, and ſought to encounter with Difficulties and Impediments, that he might conquer with the greater Glory. In ſhort he had not ſeen the Woman he was to love.

Not far from the Place where *Abelard* read his Lectures, lived one Doctor *Fulbert*, a Canon of the Church of *Notre-Dame*. This Canon had a Neice, named *Heloiſe* in his Houſe, whom he educated with great Care and Affection. Some Writers ſay *, that ſhe was the good Man's natural Daughter; but that, to prevent a publick Scandal, he gave out that ſhe was his Neice, by his Siſter, who upon her Death-bed had charged him with her Education. But tho' it was well known in thoſe Times, as will as ſince, that the Neice of an Eccleſiaſtick is ſometimes more nearly related to him, yet of this Damſel's Birth and Parentage we have nothing very certain. There is a Reaſon to think, from one of her Letters to *Abelard*, that ſhe came of a mean Family; for ſhe owns that great Honour was done to her Side by this Alliance, and that he had married much below himſelf. So that what *Francis d'Amboiſe* ſays, that ſhe was of the Name and Family of *Montmorency*, has no manner of Foundation. It is very probable ſhe was really and truly *Fulbert*'s Neice, as he affirm'd her to be. Whatever ſhe was by Birth, ſhe was a very engaging Woman; and if ſhe was not a perfect Beauty, ſhe appeared ſuch at leaſt in *Abelard*'s Eyes. Her Perſon was well-proportion'd, her Features regular, her Eyes ſparkling, her Lips Vermilion and well-form'd, her Complection animated, her Air fine, and her Aſpect ſweet and agreeable. She had a ſurprizing Quickneſs of Wit, an incredible Memory, and a conſiderable Share of Learning, join'd with Humility; and all theſe Accompliſhments were attended with ſomething ſo graceful and moving, that it was impoſſible for thoſe who kept her Company, not to be in Love with her.

* *Papyr. Maſſo. Annal. l. 3. Joannes Canonicus Pariſinus, Heloyſiam naturalem Filiam habebat præſanti ingenio formaque.*

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As ſoon as *Abelard* had ſeen her and convers'd with her, the Charms of her Wit and Beauty made ſuch an Impreſſion upon his Heart, that he preſently conceiv'd a moſt violent Paſſion for her, and reſolv'd to make it his whole Endeavour to win her Affections. And now he that formerly quitted his Patrimony to purſue his Studies, laid aſide all other Engagements to attend his new Paſſion.

IN vain did Philoſophy and Reaſon importune him to return; he was deaf to their Call, and thought of nothing but how to enjoy the Sight and Company of his dear *Heloiſe*. And he ſoon met with the luckieſt Opportunity in the World. *Fulbert*, who had the greateſt Affection imaginable for his Niece, finding her to have a good Share of natural Wit, and a particular Genius for Learning, thought himſelf oblig'd to improve the Talents which Nature had ſo liberally beſtowed on her. He had already put her to learn ſeveral Languages, which ſhe quickly came to underſtand ſo well that her Fame began to ſpread itſelf abroad, and the Wit and Learning of *Heloiſe* was every where diſcours'd of. And tho' her Uncle for his own Share was no great Scholar, he was very ſolicitous that his Niece ſhould have all poſſible Improvements. He was willing therefore ſhe ſhould have Maſters to inſtruct her in what ſhe had a Mind to learn, but he lov'd his Money; and this kept him from providing for her Education ſo well as ſhe deſir'd.

ABELARD, who knew *Heloiſe*'s Inclinations, and the Temper of her Uncle, thought this an Opportunity favourable to his Deſign. He was already well acquainted with *Fulbert*, as being his Brother-Canon in the ſame Church; and he obſerved how fond the other was of his Friendſhip, and what an Honour he eſteemed it to be intimate with a Perſon of his Reputation. He therefore told him one Day in Familiarity, that he was at a Loſs for ſome Houſe to Board in; and if you could find Room for me, ſaid he, in yours, I leave it to you to name the Terms.

THE good Man, immediately conſidering, that by this Means he ſhould provide an able Maſter for his

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Niece, who instead of taking Money of him, offer'd to pay him well for his Board, embrac'd his Proposal with all the Joy imaginable, gave him a thousand Caresses, and desired he would consider him for the future, as one ambitious of the strictest Friendship with him.

WHAT an unspeakable Joy was this to the amorous *Abelard!* to consider that he was going to live with her, who was the only Object of his Desires! that he should have the Opportunity of seeing and conversing with her every Day, and of acquainting her with his Passion! However he conceal'd his Joy at present, lest he should make his Intentions suspected. We told you before how liberal Nature had been to our Lover, in making his Person every way agreeable; so that he flatter'd himself that it was almost impossible * that any Woman should reject his Addresses. Perhaps he was mistaken: the Sex has Variety of Humours. However, consider him as a Philosopher who had hitherto liv'd in a strict Chastity § he certainly reason'd well in the Business of Love, when he concluded that *Heloise* would be an easier Conquest to him than others, because her Learning gave him an Opportunity of establishing a Correspondence by Letters, in which he might discover his Passion with greater Freedom than he durst presume to use in Conversation.

SOME time after the Canon had taken *Abelard* into his House, as they were discoursing one Day about things somewhat above *Fulbert*'s Capacity, the latter turn'd the Discourse insensibly to the good Qualities of his Niece; he inform'd *Abelard* of the Excellency of her Wit, and how strong a Propensity she had to improve in Learning; and withal made it his earnest

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* *Tanti quippe tunc nominis eram & juventutis & formæ gratia præeminebam, ut quamcunque fœminarum nostro dignarer amore nullam vererer repulsam.* 1 Epist. Abel. p. 10.

§ *Fræna libidini cæpi laxare, qui antea viveram continentissimè.* Ibid.

Request

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Request, that he would take the Pains to instruct her. *Abelard* pretended to be surpriz'd at a Proposal of this Nature. He told him that Learning was not the Proper Business of Women; that such Inclinations in them had more of Humour or Curiosity, than a solid Desire of Knowledge; and could hardly pass, among either the Learned or ignorant, without drawing upon them the Imputation of Conceit and Affectation. *Fulbert* answer'd, that this was very true of Women of common Capacitie; but he hop'd when he had discours'd with his Niece, and found what Progress she had made already, and what a Capacity she had for Learning, he would be of another Opinion. *Abelard* assur'd him, he was ready to do all he could for her Improvement, and if she was not like other Women, who hate to learn any thing beyond their Needle, he would spare for no Pains to make *Heloise* answer the Hopes which her Uncle had conceiv'd of her.

THE Canon was transported with the Civility of the young Doctor; he return'd him Thanks, and protested he could not do him a more acceptable Service than to assist his Niece in her Endeavours to learn; he therefore intreated him once more to set apart some of his Time, which he did not employ in publick, for this Purpose: And (as if he had known his design'd Intrigue, and was willing to promote it) he committed her entirely to his Care, and begg'd of him to treat her with the Authority of a Master, not only to chide her, but even to correct her whenever she was guilty of any Neglect or Disobedience to his Commands.

FULBERT, in this, shew'd a Simplicity without Example; but the Affection which he had for his Niece was so blind, and *Abelard* had so well establish'd his Reputation for Wisdom, that the Uncle never scrupled in the least to trust them together, and thought he had all the Security in the World for their Virtue. *Abelard*, you may be sure, made use of the Freedom which was given him. He saw his beautiful Creature every Hour, he set her Lessons every Day, and was extreamly pleased to see what Proficiency she made. *Heloise*, for her part, was so taken with her Master,

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that she lik'd nothing so well as what she learn'd from him: and the Master was charm'd with that Quickness of Apprehension, with which his Scholar learn'd the most difficult Lessons. But he did not intend to stop here. He knew so well how to insinuate into the Affections of this young Person, he gave her such plain Intimations of what was in his Heart, and spoke so agreeably of the Passion, which he had conceived of her, that he had the Satisfaction of seeing himself well understood. It is no difficult Matter to make a Girl of Eighteen in Love. And *Abelard* having so much Wit and agreeable Humour, must needs make a much greater Progress in her Affections, than she did in the Lessons which he taught her. So that in a short time she fell so much in Love with him, that she could deny him nothing.

FULBERT had a Country House at *Corbeil*, to which the Lovers often resorted, under Pretence of applying themselves more closely to their Studies: There they convers'd freely, and gave themselves up entirely to the Pleasures of a mutual Passion. They took advantage of that Privacy which Study and Contemplation require, without subjecting themselves to the Censure of those who observ'd it.

In this Retirement, *Abelard* owns that more Time was employ'd in soft Caresses than in Lectures of Philosophy. Sometimes he pretended to use the Severity of a Master; and the better to deceive such as might be spies upon them, he exclaim'd against *Heloise*, and reproach'd her for her Negligence. But how different were his Menaces from those which were inspir'd by Anger.

Never did two Lovers give a greater Loose to their Delights than these did for five or six Months; they liv'd in all the Endearments which could enter into the Heart of young Beginners. This is *Abelard*'s own Account of the Matter. He compares himself to such as have been long kept in a starving Condition, and at last are brought to a Feast. A grave and studious Man exceeds a *Debauché* to his Enjoyments of a Woman whom he loves, and of whom he is passionately beloved. *ABE-*

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ABELARD being thus enchanted with the Careſſes of his Miſtreſs, neglected all his ſerious and important Affairs. His Performances in publick were wretched, his Scholars perceiv'd it, and ſoon gueſs'd the Reaſon. His Head was turn'd to nothing but amorous Verſes. His School was his Averſion, and he ſpent as little Time in it as he could. As for his Lectures, they were commonly the old ones ſerv'd up again: The Night was wholly loſt from his Studies; and his Leiſure was employ'd in writing Songs, which were diſpers'd and ſung in divers Provinces of *France* many Years after. In ſhort, our Lovers, who were in their own Opinion the happieſt Pair in the World, kept ſo little Guard, that their Amours was every where talk'd of, and all the World ſaw plainly that the Sciences were not always the Subject of their Converſation. Only honeſt *Fulbert*, under whoſe Noſe all this was done, was the laſt Man that heard any thing of it: He wanted Eyes to ſee that which was viſible to all the World; and if any Body went about to tell him of it; he was prepoſſeſt with ſo good an Opinion of his Niece and her Maſter, that he would believe nothing againſt them.

BUT at laſt ſo many Diſcoveries were daily made to him that he could not help believing ſomething, he therefore reſolved to ſeparate them, and by that Means prevent the ill Conſequences of their too great Familiarity; however he thought it beſt to convict them himſelf, before he proceeded further; and therefore watched them ſo cloſely that he had one Day an Opportunity of receiving ocular Satisfaction that the Reports he had heard were true. In ſhort he ſurprized them together. And tho' he was naturally Cholerick, yet he appear'd ſo moderate on this Occaſion as to leave them under diſmal Apprehenſions of ſomething worſe to come after. The Reſult was, that they muſt be parted.

Who can expreſs the Torment our Lovers felt upon this Separation! however it ſerv'd only to unite their Hearts more firmly; they were but the more eager to ſee one another. Difficulties encreas'd their

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Desires, and put them upon any Attempts without regarding what might be the Consequence. *Abelard* finding it impossible to live without his dear *Heloise*, endeavour'd to settle a Correspondence with her by her Maid *Agaton*, who was a handsome brown Girl, well-shap'd and likely enough to have pleased a Man who was not otherwise engaged. But what a Surprize was it to our Doctor, to find this Girl refuse his Money, and in recompence of the Services she was to do him with her Mistress, demanding no less a Reward than his Heart, and making him at once a plain DECLARATION of Love! *Abelard* who, could love none but *Heloise*, turn'd from her abruptly without answering a Word. But a rejected Woman is a dangerous Creature. *Agaton* knew well how to revenge the Affront put upon her, and fail'd not to acquaint *Fulbert* with *Abelard*'s Offers to her, without saying a Word how she had been disobliged. *Fulbert* thought it was time to look about him. He thank'd the Maid for her Care, and enter'd into Measures with her, how to keep *Abelard* from visiting his Niece.

THE Doctor was now more perplex'd than ever; he had no Way left but to apply himself to *Heloise*'s Singing-Master: And the Gold which the Maid refused, prevailed with him. By this Means *Abelard* convey'd a Letter to *Heloise*: In which he acquainted her that he intended to come and see her at Night, and that the Way he had contrived was over the Garden Wall by the help of a Ladder of Cords. This Project succeeded, and brought them together. After the first Transports of this short Interview, *Heloise*, who had found some more than ordinary Symptoms within her, acquainted her Lover with it. She had informed him of it before by a Letter: And now having this Opportunity to consult about it, they agreed that she should go to a Sister of his in *Britany*, at whose House she might be privately brought to Bed. But before they parted, he endeavour'd to comfort her, and make her easie in this Distress, by giving her Assurances of Marriage.

When

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When *Heloiſe* heard this Propoſal, ſhe peremptorily rejected it, and gave ſuch Reaſons * for her Refuſal, as left *Abelard* in the greateſt Aſtoniſhment.

INDEED a Refuſal of this Nature is ſo extraordinary a Thing, that perhaps another Inſtance of it is not to be found in Hiſtory. I perſuade my ſelf therefore, that I ſhall not offend my Reader, if I make ſome few Remarks upon it. It often happens that the Paſſion of Love ſtifles or over-rules the Rebukes of Conſcience; but it is unuſual for it to extinguiſh the Senſibility of Honour. I don't ſpeak of Perſons of a mean Birth and no Education; but for others, all young Women, I ſuppoſe, that engage in Love Intrigues, flatter themſelves with one of theſe Views; either they hope they ſhall not prove with Child, or they ſhall conceal it from the WORLD, or they ſhall get themſelves married. As for ſuch as reſolve to deſtroy the Fruit of their Amours, there are but few ſo void of all natural Affection, as to be capable of this utmoſt Degree of Barbarity. However this ſhews plainly, that if Love tyrannizes ſometimes, it is ſuch a Tyrant, as leaves Honour in Poſſeſſion of its Rights. But *Heloiſe* had a Paſſion ſo ſtrong, that ſhe was not at all concerned for her Honour or Reputation. She was over-joy'd to find her ſelf with Child, and yet ſhe did her utmoſt not to be married. Never ſure was ſo odd an Example, as theſe two things made, when put together. The firſt was very extraordinary; and how many young Women in the World would rather be married to a diſagreeable Huſband, than live in a State of Reproach? They know the Remedy is bad enough, and will coſt them dear; but what ſignifies that ſo long as the Name of Huſband hides the Flaws made in their Honour? But as for *Heloiſe*, ſhe was not ſo nice in this Point. An Exceſs of Paſſion never heard of before, made her chuſe to

* *See* Abelard's *Letter to* Philintus, *and* Heloiſe's *firſt Letter to* Abelard.

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be *Abelard*'s Miſtreſs rather than his Wife. We ſhall ſee, in the Courſe of this Hiſtory, how firm ſhe was in this Reſolution, with what Arguments ſhe ſupported it, and how earneſtly ſhe perſwaded her Gallant to be of the ſame Mind.

ABELARD who was willing to loſe no Time, leſt his dear *Heloiſe* ſhould fall into her Uncle's Hands, diſguiſed her in the Habit of a Nun, and ſent her away with the greateſt Diſpatch, hoping that after ſhe was brought to Bed, he ſhould have more Leiſure to perſwade her to Marriage, by which they might ſcreen themſelves from the Reproach which muſt otherwiſe come upon them, as ſoon as the Buſineſs ſhould be publickly known.

As ſoon as *Heloiſe* was ſet forward on her Journey, *Abelard* reſolv'd to make *Fulbert* a Viſit in order to appeaſe him, if poſſible, and prevent the ill Effects of his juſt Indignation.

THE News that *Heloiſe* was privately withdrawn, ſoon made a great Noiſe in the Neighbourhood; and reaching *Fulbert*'s Ears, fill'd him with Grief and Melancholy. Beſides that he had a very tender Affection for his Niece, and could not live without her, he had the utmoſt Reſentment of the Affront which *Abelard* had put upon him, by abuſing the Freedom he had allow'd him. This fir'd him with ſuch implacable Fury, as in the End fell heavy upon our poor Lovers, and had very dreadful Conſequences.

WHEN *Fulbert* ſaw *Abelard*, and heard from him the Reaſon why *Heloiſe* was withdrawn, never was Man in ſuch a Paſſion. He abandon'd himſelf to the utmoſt Tranſports of Rage, Deſpair, and Thirſt of Revenge. All the Affronts, Reproaches and Menaces that could be thought of were heap'd upon *Abelard*; who was, poor Man, very paſſive, and ready to make the Canon all the Satisfaction he was able. He gave him Leave to ſay what he pleaſed; and when he ſaw that he had tir'd himſelf with exclaiming, he took up the Diſcourſe, and ingenuouſly confeſt his Crime. Then he had Recourſe to all the Prayers, Submiſſions and Promiſes he could invent; and begg'd of him to con-

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conſider the Force of Love, and what Foils this Tyrant has given to the greateſt Men: That the Occaſion of the preſent Misfortune, was the moſt violent Paſſion that ever was; that this Paſſion continued ſtill; and that he was ready to give both him and his Niece all the Satisfaction which this ſort of Injury required. Will you marry her then? ſaid *Fulbert* interrupting him. Yes, replied *Abelard*, if you pleaſe, and ſhe will conſent. If I pleaſe! ſaid the Canon, pauſing a little; if ſhe will conſent! And do you queſtion either? Upon this he was going to offer him his Reaſons, after his haſty Way, why they ſhould be married; but *Abelard* entreated him to ſuppreſs his Paſſion a while, and hear what he had to offer: Which was that their Marriage might for ſome time be kept ſecret. No, ſays the Canon, the Diſhonour you have done my Niece is publick, and the Reparation you make her ſhall be ſo too. But *Abelard* told him, that ſince they were to be one Family, he hoped he would conſider his Intereſt as his own. At laſt after a great many Intreaties, *Fulbert* ſeem'd content it ſhould be as *Abelard* deſired that he ſhould marry *Heloiſe* after ſhe was brought to Bed, and that in the mean Time the Buſineſs ſhould be kept ſecret.

ABELARD, having given his Scholars a Vacation, return'd into *Britany*, to viſit his deſigned Spouſe, and to acquaint her with what had paſſed. She was not at all concerned at her Uncle's Diſpleaſure; but that which troubled her was, the Reſolution which ſhe ſaw her Lover had taken to marry her. She endeavour'd to diſſwade him from it with all the Arguments ſhe could think of. She begun with repreſenting to him the Wrong he did himſelf in thinking of Marriage: That as ſhe never loved him but for his own Sake, ſhe preferr'd his Glory, Reputation and Intereſt before her own. I know my Uncle, ſaid ſhe, will never be pacified with any thing we can do: And what Honour ſhall I get by being your Wife, when at the ſame Time I certainly ruin your Reputation? What Curſe may I not juſtly fear, ſhould I rob the World of ſo eminent a Perſon as you are? What an

Injury

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Injury ſhall I do the Church? How much ſhall I diſoblige the Learned? And what a Shame and Diſparagement will it be to you, whom Nature has fitted for the publick Good, to devote your ſelf entirely to a Wife? Remember what St. *Paul* ſays, *Art thou looſed from a Wife? ſeek not a Wife.* If neither this great Man nor the Fathers of the Church, can make you change your Reſolution, conſider at leaſt what your Philoſophers ſay of it. *Socrates* has proved by many Arguments, that a wiſe Man ought not to marry, *Tully* put away his Wife *Terentia*; and when *Hircius* offer'd him his Siſter in Marriage, he told him he deſired to be excuſed, becauſe he could never bring himſelf to divide his Thoughts between his Books and his Wife. In ſhort, ſaid ſhe, how can the Study of Divinity and Philoſophy comport with the Cries of Children, the Songs of Nurſes, and all the Hurry of a Family? What an odd Sight will it be, to ſee Maids and Scholars, Desks and Cradles, Books and Diſtaffs, Pens and Spindles one among another? Thoſe who are Rich are never diſturb'd with the Care and Charges of Houſe-keeping. But with you Scholars, it is far otherwiſe. * He that will get an Eſtate muſt mind the Affairs of the World, and conſequently is taken off from the Study of Divinity and Philoſophy. Obſerve the Conduct of the wiſe Pagans in this Point, who prefer'd a ſingle Life before Marriage, and be aſhamed that you cannot come up to them. Be more careful to maintain the Character and Dignity of a Philoſopher. Don't you know that there is no Action of Life which draws after it ſo ſure and long a Repentance, and to ſo little Purpoſe? You fancy to your ſelf the Enjoyments you ſhall have in being bound to me by a Bond which nothing but Death can break: But know, that there is no ſuch thing as ſweet Chains; and there is a thouſand Times more Glory, Honour, and Pleaſure in keeping firm to a Union which Love

* *Heloiſſa dehortabat me a nuptiis. Nuptiæ non conveniunt cum Philoſophia*, &c. Oper. Abel. p. 14.

alone

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alone has eſtabliſh'd, which is ſupported by mutual Eſteem and Merit, and which owes its Continuance to nothing but the Satisfaction of ſeeing each other free. Shall the Laws and Cuſtoms which the groſs and carnal World has invented, hold us together more ſurely than the Bonds of mutual Affection? Take my Word for't you'll ſee me too often when you ſee me every Day: You'll have no Value for my Love nor Favours, when they are due to you, and coſt you no Care. Perhaps you don't think of this at preſent; but you'll think of nothing elſe when it will be too late. I don't take Notice what the World will ſay, to ſee a Man in your Circumſtances get him a Wife, and ſo throw away your Reputation, your Fortune, and your Quiet. In ſhort, continued ſhe, the Quality of Miſtreſs is a hundred Times more pleaſing to me, than that of Wife. Cuſtom indeed has given a Dignity to this latter Name, and we are impoſed upon by it; but Heaven is my Witneſs, I had rather be *Abelard*'s Miſtreſs, than lawful Wife to the Emperor of the whole World. I am very ſure I ſhall always prefer your Advantage and Satisfaction, before my own Honour, and all the Reputation, Wealth and Enjoyments, which the moſt ſplendid Marriage cou'd bring me. Thus *Heloiſe* argued, and admitted a great many more Reaſons which I forbear to relate, leſt I ſhould tire my Reader. It is enough for him to know, that they are chiefly grounded upon her Preference of Love to Marriage, and Liberty to Neceſſity.

WE might therefore ſuppoſe that *Heloiſe* was afraid leſt Marriage ſhould prove the Tomb of Love. The Count *de Buſſi*, who paſſes for the Tranſlator of ſome of her Letters, makes this to be her Meaning, tho' cloathed in delicate Language. But if we examine thoſe which ſhe writ to *Abelard* after their Separation, and the Expreſſions ſhe uſes to put him in Mind that he was indebted for the Paſſion ſhe had for him to nothing but Love itſelf, we muſt allow that ſhe had more refined Notions, and that never Woman was ſo diſintereſted. She loved *Abelard* 'tis true;

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true; but she declared, it was not his Sex that she most valued in him.

SOME Authors * are of Opinion, that it was not an Excess of Love which made *Abelard* press *Heloise* to Marriage, but only to quiet his Conscience: But how can any one tell his Reasons for Marriage better than he himself? Others say ‡ that if *Heloise* did really oppose *Abelard*'s Design of marrying her so earnestly, it was not because she thought better of Concubinage than a married Life; but because her Affection and Respect for her Lover, leading her to seek his Honour and Advantage in all Things, she was afraid that by marrying him, she should stand between him and a Bishoprick, which she thought his Wit and Learning well deserved. But there is no such Thing in her Letters, nor in the long Account which *Abelard* has left us of the Arguments which his Mistress used to dissuade him from Marriage. These are the Faults of many Authors, who put such Words in the Mouths of Persons, as are most conformable to their own Ideas, it is often more advantagious that a Woman should leave her Lover free for Church Dignities, than render him incapable of them by Marriage. But is it just therefore to suppose that *Heloise* had any such Motives? There is indeed a known Story of a Man that was possessed of a Prebend and quitted it for a Wife. The Day after the Wedding, he said to his Bride, my Dear, consider how passionately I loved you, since I lost my Preferment to marry you. You have done a very foolish Thing, said she; you might have kept that, and have had me notwithstanding.

BUT to return to our Lovers. A modern Author, who well understood human Nature, has affirm'd † *That Women by the Favours they grant to Men grow the fonder of them; but on the contrary, the Men grow more indifferent.* This is not always true. *Abelard* was not the less enamour'd with *Heloise*, after she had given him

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* *Moreri Dict.* ‡ *Fran. d' Amboise.*
† *M. de la Bruyere.*

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the utmoſt Proofs of her Love, and their Familiarity was ſo far from having abated his Flame, that it ſeems all the Eloquence of *Heloiſe* could not perſwade *Abelard*, that he wrong'd himſelf in thinking to marry her. He admir'd the Wit, the Paſſion, and the Ingenuity of his Miſtreſs; but in theſe Things he did not come ſhort of her: He knew ſo well how to repreſent to her the Neceſſity of Marriage, the Diſcourſe which he had about it with *Fulbert*, his Rage if they declin'd it, and how dangerous it might be for both of them, that at laſt ſhe conſented to do whatever he pleas'd; but ſtill with an inconceivable Reluctance, which ſhew'd that ſhe yielded for no other Reaſon but the Fear of diſobliging him.

ABELARD was willing to be near his Miſtreſs, till ſhe was brought to Bed, which in a ſhort Time ſhe was of a Boy. As ſoon as *Heloiſe* was fit to go abroad, *Abelard* carried her to *Paris*, where they were married in the moſt private manner that could be, having no other Company but *Fulbert*, and two or three particular Friends. However, the Wedding quickly came to be known. The News of it was already whiſper'd about; People ſoon began to talk of it more openly, till at laſt they mention'd it to the married Pair. *Fulbert*, who was leſs concern'd to keep his Word, than to cover the Reproach of his Family, took care to ſpread it abroad. But *Heloiſe*, who lov'd *Abelard* a thouſand times better than ſhe did herſelf, and always valued her dear Doctor's Honour above her own, denied it with the moſt ſolemn Proteſtations, and did all ſhe cou'd to make the World believe her. She conſtantly affirm'd, that the Reports of it were meer Slanders; That *Abelard* never propoſed any ſuch thing, and if he had, ſhe would never have conſented to it. In ſhort, ſhe deny'd it ſo conſtantly, and with ſuch Earneſtneſs, that ſhe was generally believ'd. Many People thought and boldly affirm'd, that the Doctor's Enemies had ſpread this Story on purpoſe to leſſen his Character. This Report came to *Fulbert*'s Ears, who knowing that *Heloiſe* was the ſole Author of it, fell

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into so outragious a Passion at her, that after a thousand Reproaches and Menaces he proceeded to use her barbarously. But *Abelard*, who loved her never the worse for being his Wife, could not see this many Days with Patience. He resolved therefore to order Matters so as to deliver her from this State of Persecution. To this Purpose they consulted together what Course was to be taken; and agreed, that for setting them both free, her from the Power and ill Humour of her Uncle, and him from the persecuting Reports which went about of him, *Heloise* should retire into a Convent, where she should take the Habit of a Nun, all but the Vail, that so she might easily come out again, when they should have a more favourable Opportunity. This Design was proposed, approved, and executed, almost at the same Time. By this Means they effectually put a stop to all Reports about their Marriage. But the Canon was too dangerous a Person to be admitted to this Consultation; he would never have agreed to their Proposal; nor could he hear of it without the utmost Rage. 'Twas then that he conceived a new Desire of Revenge, which he pursued till he had executed it in the most cruel manner imaginable. This Retreat of *Heloise* gave him the more sensible Affliction, because she was so far from covering her own Reputation, that she compleated his Shame. He consider'd it as *Abelard*'s Contrivance, and a fresh Instance of his perfidious Dealing towards him. And this Reflection put him upon studying how to be revenged on them both at one Stroke; which aiming at the Root of the Mischief, should for ever disable them from offending again.

WHILE this Plot was in Agitation, the Lovers, who were not apt to trouble their Heads about what might happen, spent their Time in the most agreeable manner that could be. *Abelard* could not live long without a Sight of his dear Wife. He made her frequent Visits in the Convent of *Argenteuil*, to which she was retir'd. The Nuns of this Abbey enjoyed a very free kind of Life: The Gates and Parlours were open enough. As for *Heloise*, she had such excellent

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Qualifications, as made the good Sisters very fond of her, and extreamly pleased that they had such an amiable Companion. And as they were not ignorant what Reports there were abroad, that she was married to the famous *Abelard* (tho' she deny'd it to the last) the most discerning among them, observing the frequent Visits of the Doctor, easily imagined that she had Reasons for keeping her self private; and so they took her Case into Consideration, and expreſt a wonderful Compassion for her Misfortunes.

SOME of them whom *Heloise* loved above the rest, and in whom she put great Confidence, were not a little aiding and assisting in the private Interviews which she had with *Abelard*, and in giving him Opportunities to enter the Convent. The amorous Doctor made the best Use of every thing: The Habit which *Heloise* wore, the Place, where he was to see her, the Times and Seasons proper for his Visit; the Stratagems which must be used to facilitate his Entrance, and carry him undiscovered to *Heloise*'s Chamber; the Difficulties they met with, the Reasons they had for not letting it be known who they were; and the Fear they were in of being taken together: All this gave their Amours an Air of Novelty, and added to their lawful Embraces all the Taste of stolen delights.

THESE Excesses had then their Charms, but in the End had fatal Consequences: The furious Canon persisting in his Design of being revenged on *Abelard*, notwithstanding his Marriage with his Niece, found Means to corrupt a Domestick of the unfortunate Doctor, who gave Admittance into his Master's Chamber to some assassins hired by *Fulbert*, who seized him in his Sleep, and cruelly deprived him of his Manhood, but not his Life. The Servant and his Accomplices fled for it; the wretched *Abelard* raised such terrible Outcries, that the People in the House and the Neighbours being alarmed, hasten'd to him, and gave him such speedy Assistance, that he was soon out of a Condition of fearing Death.

THE News of this Accident made a great Noise, and its Singularity raised the Curiosity of Abundance of

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Perſons, who came the next Day, as in Proceſſion, to ſee, to lament and comfort him. His Scholars loudly bewail'd his Misfortune, and the Women diſtinguiſh'd themſelves upon this Occaſion, by extraordinary Marks of Tenderneſs. And 'tis probable among the great Number of Ladies which pity'd *Abelard*, there were ſome with whom he had been very intimate: For his Philoſophy did not make him ſcrupulous enough to eſteem every ſmall Infidelity a Crime, when it did not leſſen his conſtant Love to *Heloiſe*.

THIS Action of *Fulbert* was too tragical to paſs unpuniſh'd; the traiterous Servant and one of the Aſſaſſins were ſeized, and condemned to loſe their Eyes, and to ſuffer what they had done to *Abelard*. But *Fulbert* denying he had any Share in the Action, ſaved himſelf from the Puniſhment, with the Loſs only of his Benefices. This Sentence did not ſatisfy *Abelard*; he made his Complaint to no Purpoſe to the Biſhop and Canons, and if he had made a Remonſtrance at *Rome*, where he once had a Deſign of carrying the Matter, 'tis probable he would have had no better Succeſs. It requires too much Money to gain a Cauſe there. One *Foulques*, Prior of *Deuil*, an intimate Friend of *Abelard*, wrote thus to him upon the Occaſion of his Misfortune. * *If you appeal to the Pope without bringing an immenſe Sum of Money, it will be uſeleſs; nothing can ſatisfy the infinite Avarice and Luxury of the* Romans, *I queſtion if you have enough for ſuch an Undertaking; and if you attempt it, nothing will perhaps remain but the Vexation of having flung away ſo much Money. They who go to* Rome *without large Sums to ſquander away, will return juſt as they went, the Expence of their Journey only excepted.* But ſince I am upon *Foulques*'s Letter, which is too extraordinary to be paſſed over in Silence, I ſhall give the Reader ſome of its more remarkable Paſſages, adding ſome Reflections which may make Amends for the Trouble of a new Digreſſion.

* *This Letter is extant in* Latin *in* Abelard's *Works.*

THIS

THIS Friend of *Abelard* lays before him many Advantages which might be drawn from his Misfortune. He tells him his extraordinary Talents, Subtilty, Eloquence and Learning, had drawn from all Parts an incredible Number of Auditors, and ſo fill'd him with exceſſive Vanity; He hints gently at another Thing, which contributed not a little towards making him proud; namely, that the Women continually followed him, and gloried in drawing him into their Snares. This Misfortune therefore would cure him of his Pride, and free him from thoſe Snares of Women which had reduced him even to Indigence, tho' his Profeſſion got him a large Revenue; and now he would never impoveriſh himſelf by his Gallantries.

HELOISE her ſelf in ſome Paſſages of her Letters ſays, that there was neither Maid nor Wife *, who in *Abelard*'s Abſence did not form Deſires for him, and in his Preſence was not inflamed with Love: That Queens themſelves, and Ladies of the firſt Quality envy'd the Pleaſures ſhe enjoy'd with him. But we are not to take theſe Words of *Heloiſe* in a ſtrict Senſe; becauſe as ſhe loved *Abelard* to Madneſs, ſo ſhe imagined every one elſe did. Beſides that Report to be ſure hath added to the Truth. It is not at all probable that a Man of *Abelard*'s Senſe, and who according to all Appearance paſſionately loved his Wife, ſhould not be able to contain himſelf in ſome Bounds, but ſhould ſquander away his Money upon Miſtreſſes, even to the not reſerving what was ſufficient to provide for his Neceſſities. *Foulques* owns that he ſpeaks only by Hear-ſay, and in that no doubt Envy and Jealouſy had their Part.

FOULQUES tells him beſides, that the Amputation of a Part of his Body, of which he made ſuch ill uſe, would ſuppreſs at the ſame Time a great ma-

* *Quæ conjugata, quæ Virgo non concupiſcebat abſentem, & non exardeſcebat in præſentem? Quæ Regina, vel præpotens Fœmina Gaudiis meis non invidebat vel Thalamis?*

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ny troubleſome Paſſions, and procure him the Liberty of reflecting on himſelf, inſtead of being hurry'd to and fro by his Paſſions: His Meditations would be no more interrupted by the Emotions of the Fleſh, and therefore he would be more ſucceſsful in diſcovering the Secrets of Nature. He reckons it as a great Advantage to him, that he would no more be the Terror of Husbands, and might now lodge any where without being ſuſpected. And forgets not to acquaint him, he might converſe with the fineſt Women without any fear of thoſe Temptations which ſometimes overpower even Age it ſelf, upon the Sight of ſuch Objects. And laſtly, he would have the Happineſs of being exempt from the Illuſions of Sleep; which Exemption, according to him, is a peculiar Bleſſing.

It was with Reaſon that *Foulques* reckons all theſe as Advantages very extraordinary in the Life of an Eccleſiaſtick; 'tis eaſy to obſerve that, to a Perſon who devotes himſelf to Continence, nothing can be more Happy than to be inſenſible to Beauty and Love; for they who cannot maintain their Chaſtity, but by continual Combats, are very unhappy: The Life of ſuch Perſons is uneaſy, their State always doubtful. They but too much feel the Trouble of their Warfare, and if they come off victorious in an Engagement, 'tis often with a great many Wounds. Even ſuch of them as in a retir'd Life are at the greateſt Diſtance from Temptations, by continually ſtruggling with their Inclinations, and ſetting Barriers againſt the Irruptions of the Fleſh, are in a miſerable Condition. Their Entrenchments are often forced; and their Conſcience fill'd with Sorrow and Anxiety. What Progreſs might one make in the Ways of Virtue, who is not obliged to fight an Enemy for every Foot of Ground? Had *Abelard*'s Misfortune made him indeed ſuch as *Foulques* ſuppoſed, we ſhould ſee him in his Letters expreſs his motives of Comfort with a better Grace. But tho' he now was in a Condition not able to ſatisfy a Paſſion by which he had ſuffered ſo much, yet was he not inſenſible at the Sight of thoſe Objects which once gave him ſo much Pleaſure. This Diſcourſe therefore

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of *Foulques*, far from comforting *Abelard* in his Affliction, ſeems capable of producing the contrary Effect; and it is aſtoniſhing if *Abelard* did not take it ſo, and think he rather inſulted him, and conſequently reſent it.

As to Dreams, St. *Auſtin* informs us of the Advantage *Foulques* tells his Friend he had gain'd. St. *Auſtin* implores the Grace of God to deliver him from this ſort of Weakneſs, and ſays he gave his Conſent to thoſe things in his Sleep, which he ſhould abominate awake, and laments exceedingly ſo great a remaining Weakneſs.

BUT let us go on with this charitable Friend's Letter; it hath too near a Relation to this Hiſtory, to leave any Part of it untouch'd. Matrimonial Functions (continues *Foulques*) and the Cares of a Family, will not now hinder your Application to pleaſe God. And what a Happineſs is it, not to be in a Capacity of ſinning? and then he brings the Examples of St. *Origen*, and other Martyrs, who rejoice now in Heaven, for their being on Earth in the ſame Condition *Abelard* laments. As if the Impoſſibility of committing a Sin could ſecure any one from deſiring to do it. But one of his greateſt Motives of Comfort, and one upon which he inſiſts the moſt is, becauſe his Misfortune is irreparable. This is indeed, true in Fact, but the Conſequence of his Reaſoning is not ſo certain, *Afflict not your ſelf* (ſays he) *becauſe your Misfortune is of ſuch a Nature as is never to be repaired.*

IT muſt be owned that the general Topicks of Conſolation have two Faces, and may therefore be conſider'd very differently, even ſo as to ſeem Arguments for Sorrow. As for Inſtance, one might argue very juſtly, that a Mother ſhould not yield too much to Grief upon the Loſs of a Son, becauſe her Tears are unavailable, and tho' ſhe ſhould kill herſelf with Sorrow, ſhe can never by theſe Means bring her Son to Life. Yet this very Thing, that all ſhe can do is, uſeleſs, is the main Occaſion of her Grief; ſhe could bear it patiently, could ſhe any way retrieve her Loſs.

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When *Solon* * lamented the Death of his Son, and ſome Friend by way of Comfort told him, his Tears were inſignificant, *that* ſaid he, *is the very Reaſon why I weep.*

BUT *Foulques* argues much better afterwards; he ſays *Abelard* did not ſuffer this in the Commiſſion of any ill Act, but ſleeping peaceably in his Bed. That is, he was not caught in any open Fact, ſuch as has coſt others the like Loſs. This is indeed a much better Topick than the Former; tho' it muſt be allowed that *Abelard* had drawn this Misfortune on himſelf by a Crime as bad as Adultery; yet the Fault was over, and he had made all the Reparation which was in his Power, and when they maimed him he thought no harm to any Body.

ABELARD's Friend makes uſe likewiſe of other conſolatory Reaſons in his Letter, and repreſents to him after a very moving manner, the Part which the Biſhop and Canons, and all the Eccleſiaſticks of *Paris*, took in his Diſgrace, and the Mourning there was among the Inhabitants, and eſpecially the Women upon this Occaſion. But in this Article of Conſolation how comes it to paſs that he makes no mention of *Heloiſe*? This ought not to appear ſtrange; ſhe was the moſt injured, and therefore queſtionleſs her Sorrows were ſufficiently known to him, and it would be no News to tell the Huſband, that his Wife was in the utmoſt Affliction for him. For as we obſerved before, tho' ſhe was in a Convent, ſhe had not renounced her Huſband, and thoſe frequent Viſits he made her were not ſpent in reading Homilies. But let us make an End of our Reflections on *Foulques*'s curious Letter. *Foulques*, after adviſing *Abelard* not to think of carrying the Matter before the Pope, by aſſuring him that it required too great Expence to obtain any Satisfaction at that Court concludes all with this laſt Motive of Conſolation that the imagined Happineſs he had loſt, was always accompanied with Abundance of Vexation, but if he perſevered in his

* *Diog. Laert.* Spirit

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Spirit of Reſignation, he would without doubt at the laſt Day obtain that Juſtice he had now failed of. 'Tis great Pity we have not *Abelard*'s Anſwer to this delicate Letter, the Matter then would look like one of *Job*'s Dialogues with his Friends. *Abelard* would generally have enough to reply, and *Foulques* would often be but a ſorry Comforter. However it is certain this Letter was of ſome Weight with *Abelard*, for we find afterwards he never thought of making a Voyage to *Rome*. Reſolved to bear his Calamity patiently, he left to God the avenging of the cruel and ſhameful Abuſe he had ſuffer'd.

BUT let us return to *Heloiſe*. 'Tis probable her Friends of the Convent of *Argenteuil* conceal'd ſo heavy a Misfortune from her for ſomeTime; but at laſt ſhe heard the fatal News: Though the Rage and Fury of her Uncle threatned her long ſince with Puniſhment, yet could ſhe never ſuſpect any thing of this Nature. It will be ſaying too little to tell the Reader ſhe felt all the Shame and Sorrow that is poſſible. She only can expreſs thoſe violent Emotions of her Soul upon ſo ſevere an Occaſion.

IN all Probability this Misfortune of *Abelard* would have been a thorough Cure of her Paſſion, if we might argue from like Caſes; but there is no Rule ſo general as not to admit of ſome Exceptions; and *Heloiſe*'s Love upon this ſevere Tryal proved like Queen *Stratonice*'s, who was not leſs Paſſionate for her Favourite *Combabus* when ſhe diſcover'd his Impotence, than ſhe had been before.

SHAME and Sorrow had no leſs ſeized *Abelard* than *Heloiſe*, nor dared he ever after appear in the World. So that he reſolved, immediately upon his Cure, to baniſh himſelf from the Sight of Men, and hide himſelf in the Darkneſs of a Monaſtick Life; avoiding all Converſation with any kind of Perſons excepting his dear *Heloiſe*, by whoſe Company he endeavour'd to comfort himſelf; but ſhe at laſt reſolved to follow his Example, and continue for ever in the Convent of *Argenteuil* where ſhe was. *Abelard* himſelf confeſſes that Shame, rather than Devotion, had made

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made him take the Habit of a Monk; and that it was Jealousy more than Love, which engaged him to perswade *Heloise* to be profess'd, before he had made his Vow. The Letters which follow this History will inform us after what Manner and with what Resolution they separated. *Heloise* in the Twenty Second Year of her Age generously quitted the World, and renounced all those Pleasures she might reasonably have promis'd herself, to sacrifice herself entirely to the Fidelity and Obedience she owed her Husband, and to procure him that Ease of Mind which he said he could no otherwise hope for.

TIME making *Abelard*'s Misfortune familiar to him, he now entertain'd Thoughts of Ambition, and of supporting the Reputation he had gained of the most learned Man of the Age. He began with explaining the *Acts of the Apostles* to the Monks of the Monastery of St. *Dennis*, to which he had retired; but the Disorders of this Abbey, and the Debauches of the Abbot, which, equally with his Dignity, were superior to those of the simple Monks, quickly drove him thence. He had made himself uneasy to them, by censuring their Irregularity. They were glad to part with him, and he to leave them.

As soon as he had obtain'd Leave of the Abbot, he retired to *Thibaud* in *Champaign*, where he set up a School, persuading himself that his Reputation would bring him a great Number of Scholars. And indeed they flock'd to him, not only from the most distant Provinces of *France*, but also from *Rome*, *Spain*, *England*, and *Germany*, in such Numbers that the Towns cou'd not provide Accommodation, nor the Country Provisions enough for them *. But *Abelard* did not foresee that this Success and Reputation would at the same time occasion him new Troubles. He had made himself two considerable Enemies at *Laon*, *Alberick* of *Rheims*, and *Lotulf* of *Lombardy*, who, as soon as they perceiv'd how prejudicial his Reputation was to

* Ad quas Scholas tanta Scholarium multitudo confluxit, ut nec locus Hospitiis, nec terra sufficeret Alimentis Abel. Oper. p. 19.

their

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their Schools, fought all Occaſions to ruin him; and thought they had a lucky Handle to do ſo from a Book of his entitled *The Miſtery of the Trinity*; this they pretended was Heretical, and through the Archbiſhop's Means they procured a Council at *Soiſons* in the Year 1121; and without ſuffering *Abelard* to make any Defence, ordered his Book to be burnt by his own Hands, and himſelf to be confined to the Convent of St. *Medard*. This Sentence gave him ſuch Grief that he ſays himſelf, the unhappy Fate of his Writings touched him more ſenſibly than the Misfortune he had ſuffered thro' *Fulbert's* Means. Nor was it only his Fatherly Concern for his own Productions, but the indelible Mark of Hereſie which by this Means was fix'd on him, which ſo exceedingly troubled him.

THAT the curious Reader may have a compleat Knowledge of this Matter, I ſhall here give an Account of that pretended Hereſie which was imputed to *Abelard*. The Occaſion of his Writing this Book was, that his Scholars demanded * Philoſophical Arguments on that Subject; often urging that it was impoſſible to believe what was not underſtood; That it was to Abuſe the World to preach a Doctrine, equally unintelligible to the Speaker and Auditor; and that it was for *the Blind to lead the Blind*. Theſe young Men were certainly inclined to *Sabelliniſm*. *Abelard's* Enemies however did not accuſe him of falling into this, but another Hereſie as bad, *Tritheiſm*, though indeed he was equally free from both; he explained the Unity of the Godhead by Compariſons drawn from human Things, but according to a Paſſage of St. *Bernard*, § one of his greateſt Enemies, he ſeemed to hold that no one ought to believe what he could not give a Reaſon for. However, *Abelard's* Treatiſe upon this Subject pleaſed every one except thoſe of his own Profeſſion, who, ſtung with Envy, that he

* *Humanas & philoſophicas rationes requirebant, & plus quæ intelligi, quam quæ dici poſſent efflagitabam.* Abel. Op.

§ *Bernardi Epiſt.* 190.

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ſhould find out Explanations which they could not have thought of, raiſed ſuch a Cry of Hereſy upon him, that he and ſome of his Scholars had like to have been ſtoned * by the Mob. By their powerful Cabals they prevailed with *CONAN* Biſhop of *Preneſte* the Pope's Legate, who was Preſident of the Council, to condemn his Book, pretending that he aſſerted three Gods, which they might eaſily ſuggeſt, when he was ſuffered to make no Defence. 'Tis certain he was very Orthodox in the Doctrine of the Trinity; and all this Proceſs againſt him was only occaſioned by the Malice of his Enemies. His Logical Compariſon, (and Logick was his Maſter-piece) proved rather the three Divine Perſons One, than multiply'd the Divine Nature into three. His Compariſon is, that as the three Propoſitions † in a Syllogiſm are but one Truth, ſo the Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt are but one Eſſence. And 'tis certain, the Inconveniences which may be drawn from the Parallel are not more than what may be drawn from the Compariſon of the three Dimenſions of Solids, ſo much inſiſted on by that famous Orthodox Mathematician Dr. *Wallis* of *England*. But great Numbers of pious and learned Divines, who have not been over ſubtile in Politicks, have been perſecuted as well as *Abelard*, by the Ignorance and Malice of their caballing Brethren.

A little after his Condemnation, *Abelard* was ordered to return to St. *Dennis*. The Liberty he had taken to cenſure the vicious Lives of the Monks had raiſed him a great many Enemies. Among theſe was St. *Bernard*, not upon the ſame Motives as thoſe Monks,

* *Ita me in Clero & Populo diffamaverunt, ut penè me populus paucoſque qui advenerant ex Diſcipulis noſtris prima Die noſtri adventus lapidarent; dicentes me tres Deos prædicare & ſcripſiſſe, ſicut ipſis perſuaſum fuerat.* Abel. Op. p. 20.

† *Sicut eadem oratio eſt, propoſitio, aſſumptio & concluſio, ita eadem eſſentia eſt Pater, Filius & Spiritus Sanctus,* Abel. Op. p. 20

but

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but becauſe *Abelard*'s great Wit, join'd with ſo looſe and ſenſual a Life, gave him Jealouſie, who thought it impoſſible the Heart ſhould be defiled without the Head being likewiſe tainted.

SCARCE had he return'd to St. *Dennis*, when one Day he dropt ſome Words, intimating he did not believe that the St. *Dennis*, their Patron was the Areopagite mention'd in the Scripture, there being no Probability that he ever was in *France*. This was immediately carry'd to the Abbot, who was full of Joy, that he had now a Handle to heighten the Accuſations of Hereſy againſt him with ſome Crime againſt the State; a Method frequently uſed by this ſort of Gentlemen to make ſure their Revenge. In thoſe Times too the contradicting the Notions of the Monks, was enough to prove a Man an Atheiſt, Heretick, Rebel, or any Thing. Learning ſignified nothing. If any one of a clearer Head and larger Capacity had the Misfortune to be ſuſpected of Novelty, there was no way to avoid the general Perſecution of the Monks, but voluntarily baniſhing himſelf. The Abbot immediately aſſembled all the Houſe, and declared he would deliver up to the ſecular Power a Perſon who had dar'd to reflect upon the Honour of the Kingdom and of the Crown. *Abelard* very rightly judging that ſuch Threatnings were not to be deſpiſed, fled by Night to *Champain*, to a Cloiſter of the Monks of *Troies*, and there patiently waited till the Storm ſhould be over. After the Death of his Abbot, which, very luckily for him, happened ſoon after his Flight, he obtained Leave to live where he pleaſed, tho' it was not without uſing ſome Cunning. He knew the Monks of ſo rich a Houſe had fallen into great Exceſſes, and were very obnoxious to the Court, who would not fail to make their Profit of it: He therefore procured it ſhould be repreſented to the Council, as very Diſadvantageous to his Majeſty's Intereſt, that a Perſon who was continually cenſuring the Lives of his Brethren, ſhould continue any longer with them. This was immediately underſtood, and Orders given to ſome great Man at Court to demand

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of the Abbot and Monks, why they kept a Person in their House whose Conduct was so disagreeable to them, and far from being an Ornament to the Society was a continual Vexation, by publishing their Faults? This being very opportunely moved to the new Abbot, he gave *Abelard* Leave to retire to what Cloister he pleased.

ABELARD, who had indeed all the Qualities which make a great Man, could not however bear, without repining, the numerous Misfortunes with which he saw himself embaras's'd, and had frequent Thoughts of publishing a Manifesto to justify himself from the scandalous Imputations his Enemies had laid upon him, and to undeceive those whom their Malice had prejudiced against him. But upon cooler Thoughts, he determined that it was better to say nothing, and to shew them by his Silence how unworthy he thought them of his Anger. Thus being rather enraged than troubled at the Injuries he had suffered, he resolved to found a new Society consisting chiefly of Monks. To this Purpose he chose a Solitude in the Diocese of *Troies*, and upon some Ground which was given him by Permission of the Bishop, he built a little House, and a Chappel, which he dedicated to the Most Holy Trinity.

MEN of Learning were then scarce, and the Desire of Science was beginning to spread it self. Our Exile was enquired after and found, Scholars crowded to him from all Parts: They built little Huts, and were very liberal to their Master for his Lectures; content to live on Herbs, and Roots and Water, that they might have the Advantage of Learning from so extraordinary a Man; and with great Zeal they enlarged the Chappel, building that and their Professor's House with Wood and Stone.

UPON this Occasion, *Abelard*, to continue the Memory of the Comfort he had received in this Desart, dedicated this New-built Chappel to the Holy Ghost, by the Name of the *Paraclete* or *Comforter*. The Envy of *Alberic* and *Lotul*, which had long since persecuted him, was strangely revived, upon seeing so many Scholars

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Scholars flock to him from all Parts, notwithſtanding the Inconveniences of the Place, and in Contempt of the Maſters who might ſo commodiouſly have been found in the Towns and Cities.

THEY now more than ever ſought Occaſions to trouble him; the Name of *Paraclete* furniſhed them with one; they gave out that his Novelty was a Conſequence of his former Hereſy, and that it was no more lawful to dedicate Churches to the Holy Ghoſt, than to God the Father; That this Title was a ſubtle Art of inſtilling that Poiſon which he durſt not ſpread openly; and a Conſequence of his Heretical Doctrine which had been condemned already by a Council. This report raiſed a great Clamour among Numbers of People, whom his Enemies employ'd from all Sides. But the Perſecution grew more terrible when St. *Bernard* and St. *Norbert* declared againſt him, two great Zealots, fir'd with the Spirit of Reformation, and who declared themſelves Reſtorers of the primitive Diſcipline, and had wonderfully gained upon the Affections of the Populace. They ſpread ſuch Scandal againſt him, that they prejudiced his principal Friends, and forced thoſe who ſtill loved him not to ſhew it any ways, and upon theſe Accounts made his Life ſo bitter to him that he was upon the Point of leaving *Chriſtendom**. But his Unhappineſs would not let him do a Thing which might have procured his Eaſe; but made him ſtill continue with Chriſtians, and with Monks (as himſelf expreſſes it) worſe than Heathens. ‡

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* Sæpe autem (Deus ſcit) in tantam lapſus ſum deſperationem ut Chriſtianorum finibus exceſſit, ad Gentes tranſire diſponerem, atque ibi quiete ſub quacunque tributi pactione inter inimicos Chriſti chriſtiane vivere. *Abel. Op. p.* 32.

‡ Incedi in Chriſtianos atque Monachos Gentibus longe ſæviores atque pejores. *Ibid.*

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THE Duke of *Britany*, informed of his Misfortunes, and of the Barbarity of his Enemies, named him to the Abbey of St. *Guildas* in the Dioceſe of *Vannes*, at the Deſire of the Monks, who had already elected him for their Superior. Here he thought he had found a Refuge from the Rage of his Enemies, but in Reality, he had only changed one Trouble for another. The profligate Lives of the Monks, and the Arbitrarineſs of a Lord, who had deprived them of the greater Part of their Revenues, ſo that they were obliged to maintain their Miſtreſſes and Children at their own Expence, occaſioned him a thouſand Vexations and Dangers. They ſeveral Times endeavour'd to poiſon him in his ordinary Diet, but proving unſucceſsful that way they try'd to do it in the Holy Sacrament. Excommunications, with which he threatned the moſt Mutinous, did not at all abate the Diſorder; he now feared the Poinard more than Poiſon, and compared his Caſe to him whom the Tyrant of *Syracuſe* cauſed to be ſeated at his Table, with a Sword hanging over him faſten'd only by a Thread.

WHILST *Abelard* thus ſuffer'd in his Abbey by his Monks; the Nuns of *Argenteuil*, of whom *Heloiſe* was Prioreſs, grew ſo licentious, that *Sugger* Abbot of St. *Dennis* taking Advantage of their Irregularities, got Poſſeſſion of their Monaſtery. He ſent the Original Writings to *Rome*, and having obtain'd the Anſwer he deſir'd, he expell'd the Nuns, and eſtabliſh'd in their Place Monks of his Order.

SOME cenſorious People upon reading this Paſſage will be apt to entertain ſtrong Suſpicions of *Heloiſe*; and judge it probable that a Governor does not behave well, when Diſſoluteneſs is known to reign in the Society. I have never read that ſhe was included by Name in the general Scandal of the Society, and therefore am cautious not to bring any Accuſations againſt her. Our Saviour ſays, *No one hath condemn'd Thee, neither do I condemn Thee.*

HELOISE, at her Departure from the Convent of *Argenteuil*, apply'd to her Husband; who, by Permiſſion of the Biſhop of *Troies*, gave her the Houſe and

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and Chappel of the *Paraclete*, with its Appendages; and placing there some Nuns, founded a Nunnery. Pope *Innocent* II. confirmed this Donation in the Year 1131. This is the Origin of the Abbey of the *Paraclete*, of which *Heloise* was the first Abbess. Whatever her Conduct was among the licentious Nuns of *Argenteuil*, 'tis certain she lived so regular in this her new and last Retreat, and behaved herself with that Prudence, Zeal and Piety, that she won the Hearts of all the World, and in a small Time had abundance of Donations. *Abelard* himself says, she had more in one Year, than he could have expected in all his Life, had he lived there. The Bishops loved her as their Child, the Abbesses as their Sister, and the World as their Mother. It must be owned some Women have had Wonderful Talents for exciting Christian Charity. The Abbesses which succeeded *Heloise* have often been of the greatest Families in the Kingdom. There is a List of them in the Notes of *Andrew du Chene* upon *Abelard*'s Works, from the Time of the Foundation in 1130, to 1615, but he has not thought fit to take notice of *Jane Chabot*, who dy'd the 25th of *June* 1593, and profes's'd the Protestant Religion, yet without marrying, or quitting her Habit, tho' she was driven from her Abbey.

AFTER *Abelard* had settled *Heloise* here, he made frequent Journies from *Britany* to *Champain*, to take Care of the Interests of this rising House, and to ease himself from the Vexations of his own Abbey. But Slander so perpetually followed this unhappy Man, that tho' his present Condition was universally known, he was reproached with a remaining voluptuous Passion for his former Mistress. He complains of his hard Usage in one of his Letters; but comforts himself by the Example of St. *Jerom*, whose Friendship with *Paula* occasion'd Scandal too; and thought he entirely confuted their Calumny, by remarking that even the most Jealous commit their Wives to the Custody of Eunuchs.

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THE Thing which gives the greateſt Handle to ſuſpect *Heloiſe*'s Prudence, and that *Abelard* did not think himſelf ſafe with her, is his making a Reſolution to ſeparate himſelf for ever from her. During his being employ'd in eſtabliſhing this new Nunnery, and in ordering their affairs, as well Temporal as Spiritual, he was diligent in perſuading her by frequent and pious Admonitions to ſuch a Separation; and inſiſted that in order to make their Retirement and Penitence more profitable, it was abſolutely neceſſary they ſhould ſeriouſly endeavour to forget each other, and for the future think of nothing but God. When he had given her Direction for her own Conduct, and Rules for the Management of the Nuns, he took his laſt Leave of her, and returned to his Abbey in *Britany*, where he continued a long Time without her hearing any mention of him.

BY chance a Letter he wrote to one of his Friends to comfort him under ſome Diſgraces, wherein he had given him a long Account of all the Perſecutions he himſelf had ſuffer'd, fell into *Heloiſe*'s Hands. She knew by the Superſcription from whom it came, and her Curioſity made her open it; the reading the Particulars of a Story ſhe was ſo much concern'd in renew'd all her Paſſion, and ſhe hence took an Occaſion to write to him, complaining of his long Silence. *Abelard* could not forbear anſwering her; this occaſioned the ſeveral Letters between them which follow this Hiſtory; and in theſe we may obſerve how high a Woman is capable of raiſing the Sentiments of her Heart, when poſſeſs'd of a great deal of Wit and Learning, as well as moſt violent Love.

I ſhall not tire the Reader with any further Reflections on the Letters of theſe two Lovers, but leave them entirely to his own Judgment; only remarking, that he ought not to be ſurprized to find *Heloiſe*'s more Tender, Paſſionate and Expreſſive than thoſe of *Abelard:* She was younger, and conſequently more ardent than he. The ſad Condition he was in had not altered her Love. Beſides, ſhe retired only in Complaiſance to a Man ſhe blindly yielded to; and reſolving to preſerve,

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ſerve her Fidelity inviolable, ſhe ſtrove to conquer her Deſires, and make a Virtue of Neceſſity. But the Weakneſs of her Sex continually returned, and ſhe felt the Force of Love in ſpite of all Reſiſtance. It was not the ſame with *Abelard*; for tho' it was a Miſtake to think, that by not being in a Condition of ſatisfying his Paſſion, he was, as *Heloiſe* imagined, wholly delivered from the Throne of Senſuality; yet he was truly ſorry for the Diſorders of his paſt Life, he was ſincerely penitent, and therefore his Letters are leſs violent and paſſionate than thoſe of *Heloiſe*.

ABOUT ten Years after *Abelard* had retired to his Abbey where Study was his chief Buſineſs, his Enemies who had reſolved to perſecute him to the laſt, were careful not to let him enjoy the Eaſe of Retirement: They thought he was not ſufficiently plagued with his Monks, and therefore brought a new Proceſs of Hereſy againſt him before the Archbiſhop of *Sens*. He deſired he might have the Liberty of defending his Doctrine before a publick Aſſembly, and it was granted him. Upon this Account the Council of *Sens* was Aſſembled, in which *Louis* the VIIth aſſiſted in Perſon in the Year 1140. St. *Bernard* was the Accuſer, and delivered to the Aſſembly ſome Propoſitions drawn from *Abelard*'s Book, which were read in the Council. This Accuſation gave *Abelard* ſuch Fears, and was managed with ſuch inveterate Malice by his Enemies, and with ſuch great Unfairneſs in drawing Conſequences he never thought of; that imagining he had Friends at *Rome* who would protect his Innocence, he made an Appeal to the Pope. The Council notwithſtanding his Appeal, condemn'd his Book, but did not meddle with his Perſon; and gave an Account of the whole Proceeding to Pope *Innocent* II; praying him to confirm their Sentence. St. *Bernard* had been ſo early in poſſeſſing the Pontiff, that he got the Sentence confirmed before *Abelard* heard any thing of it, or had any Time to preſent himſelf before the Tribunal, to which he had appealed. His Holineſs ordered beſides, that *Abelard*'s Books ſhould be burnt, himſelf confined, and for ever prohibited from Teaching.

THIS

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THIS Paſſage of St. *Bernard*'s Life is not much for the Honour of his Memory: and whether he took the Trouble himſelf to extract the condemn'd Propoſitions from *Abelard*'s Works, or intruſted it to another Hand, 'tis certain the Paper he gave in, contain'd many things which *Abelard* never wrote, and others which he did not mean in the Senſe imputed to him.

WHEN a few particular Expreſſions are urged too rigidly, and unthought-of Conſequences drawn from ſome Aſſertions, and no Regard is had to the general Intent and Scope of an Author, it is no difficult Matter to find Errors in any Book. For this reaſon *Beranger* of *Poitiers*, *Abelard*'s Scholar, defended his Maſter againſt St. *Bernard*, telling him, he ought not to perſecute others, whoſe own Writings were not exempt from Errors, demonſtrating that he himſelf had advanced a Poſition, which he wou'd not have fail'd to have inſerted in his Extract as a monſtrous Doctrine, if he had not found it in the Writings of *Abelard*.

SOME time after *Abelard*'s Condemnation, the Pope was appeaſed at the Solicitation of the Abbot of *Clugni*, who received this unfortunate Gentleman in his Monaſtery with great Humanity, reconcil'd him with St. *Bernard*, and admitted him to be a Religious of his Society.

THIS was *Abelard*'s laſt Retirement, in which he found all manner of Kindneſs; he read Lectures to the Monks, and was equally humble and laborious. At laſt growing weak, and afflicted with a Complication of Diſeaſes, he was ſent to the Priory of St. *Marcel* upon the *Saone*, near *Chalons*, a very agreeable Place, where he dy'd the 21ſt of *April*, 1142, in the 63d Year of his Age. His Corps was ſent to the Chappel of the *Paraclete*, to *Heloiſe*, to be interred, according to her former Requeſt of him, and to his own Deſire. The Abbot of *Clugni*, when he ſent the Body to *Heloiſe*, according to the Cuſtom of thoſe Times, ſent with it an Abſolution to be fix'd together with his Epitaph on his Grave-Stone, which Abſolution was as follows.

I PETER

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'I PETER Abbot of *Clugni*, having received Father '*Abelard* into the Number of my Religious, and 'now given leave that his Body be privately convey'd 'to the Abbey of the *Paraclete*, to be disposed of by '*Heloise* Abbess of the same Abby: do by the Autho-'rity of God and all the Saints, absolve *Abelard* from 'all his Sins *.

HELOISE, who survived him twenty Years, had all the Leisure that cou'd be to effect the Cure of her unhappy Passion. Alass! she was very long about it! She past the rest of her Days like a religious and devout Abbess, frequent in Prayer, and entirely employ'd in the Regulation of her Society. She loved Study, and being a Mistress of the learned Languages, the *Latin*, *Greek* and *Hebrew*, She was esteemed a Miracle of Learning. *Abelard*, in a Letter he wrote to the Religious of his new House, says expresly, that *Heloise* understood these three Languages. The Abbot of *Clugni* likewise in a Letter he wrote to her, tells her, she excell'd in Learning not only all her Sex, but the greatest part of Men §. And in the Calender of the House of the *Paraclete*, she is recorded in these words: Heloise *Mother and first Abbess of this Place, famous for her Learning and Religion.* I must not here pass by a Custom the Religious of the *Paraclete* now have to commemorate how learned their first Abbess was in the *Greek*, which is, that every Year on the Day of Pentecost they perform Divine Service in the *Greek* Tongue. What a ridiculous Vanity!

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* Ego Petrus Cluniacensis Abbas, qui Pet. Abælardum in Monacum Cluniacensem recepi, & corpus ejus furtim delatum Heloissæ Abbatissæ & Monialibus Paracleti concessi, Authoritate omnipotentis Dei & omnium Sanctorum, absolvo eum pro officio ab omnibus peccatis suis.

§ Studio tuo & Mulieres omnes evicisti, & pene viros universos Superasti. *Abel. Op.*

FRAN-

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FRANCIS D'Amboiſe tells us, how ſubtlely one Day ſhe ſatisfy'd St. *Bernard*, upon his asking her, why in her Abbey when they recited the Lord's Prayer, they did not ſay, *Give us this Day our* DAILY *Bread*, but *Give us this Day our* SUPERSUBSTANTIAL *Bread*, by an Argument drawn from the Originals, affirming we ought to follow the *Greek* Verſion of the Goſpel St. *Matthew* wrote in *Hebrew*. Without doubt it was not a little ſurprizing to St. *Bernard*, to hear a Woman poſe him in a Controverſy, by citing a *Greek* Text. 'Tis true, ſome Authors ſay *Abelard* made this Anſwer to St. *Bernard*, after hearing from *Heloiſe*, that Objections were made to that Form of Prayer. However the Caſe was, a Woman with a ſmall Competency of Learning, might in thoſe Times paſs for a Miracle; and tho' ſhe might not equal thoſe Deſcriptions which have been given of her, yet ſhe may deſervedly be placed in the rank of Women of the greateſt Learning. Nor was ſhe leſs Remarkable for her Piety, Patience, and Reſignation, during her Sickneſs in the latter part of her Life. She dy'd the 17th of May, 1163. 'Tis ſaid ſhe deſired to be buried in the ſame Tomb with her *Abelard*, tho' that probably was not executed. *Francis d'Amboiſe* ſays, he ſaw at the Convent, the Tombs of the Founder and Foundreſs near together. However, a Manuſcript of *Tours* gives us an Account of an extraordinary Miracle which happened when *Abelard*'s Grave was opened for *Heloiſe*'s Body, namely, that *Abelard* ſtretched out his Arms to receive her, and embraced her cloſely; tho' there were twenty good Years paſs'd ſince he dy'd. But that is a ſmall Matter to a Writer of Miracles.

I ſhall conclude this Hiſtory with an Epitaph on *Abelard*, which the Abbot of *Clugni* ſent *Heloiſe*, and which is now to be read on his Tomb; it hath nothing in it delicate either for Thought or Language, and will ſcarcely bear a Tranſlation. It is only added here for the ſake of the Curious, and as an Inſtance of the Reſpect paid to the Memory of ſo great a Man, and one whom Envy had loaded with the greateſt Defamations.

PETRUS

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PETRUS in hac petra latitat, quem mundus Homerum
Clamabat, ſed jam ſidera ſidus habent.
Sol erat hic Gallis, ſed eum jam fata tulerunt,
Ergo caret Regio Gallicia Sole ſuo.
Ille ſciens quid quid fuit ulli ſcibile vicit
Artificis, artes abſque docente docens.
Undecimæ Maij Petrum rapuere Calendæ,
Privantes Logices atria Rege ſuo.
Eſt ſatis, in tumulo Petrus hic jacit Abælardus,
Cui ſoli patuit ſcibile quid quid erat.

GAllorum Socrates, Plato maximus Heſperiarum
Noſter Ariſtoteles, Logicis (quicumque ferunt.)
Aut par aut melior; ſtudiorum cognitus orbi
Princeps, ingenio varius, ſubtilis & acer,
Omnia vi ſuperans rationis & arte loquendi,
Abælardus erat. Sed nunc magis omnia vincit,
Cum Cluniacenſem Monacum, moremque profeſſus,
Ad Chriſti veram tranſivit Philoſophiam,
In qua longævæ bene complens ultima vitæ,
Philoſophis quandoque bonis ſe connumerandum
Spem dedit, undenas Maio renovante Calendas.

ETTER

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LETTERS

OF

Abelard and *Heloiſe.*

LETTER I.

ABELARD *to* PHILINTUS.

It may be proper to acquaint the Reader that the following Letter was written by Abelard *to a Friend, to comfort him under ſome Afflictions which had befallen him, by a Recital of his own Sufferings, which had been much heavier. It contains a particular Account of his Amour with* Heloiſe, *and the unhappy Conſequences of it. This Letter was written ſeveral Years after* Abelard's *Separation from* Heloiſe.

THE laſt time we were together *Philintus*, you gave me a melancholy Account of your Misfortunes; I was ſenſibly touched with the Relation, and like a true Friend bore a Share in your Griefs. What did I not ſay to ſtop your Tears? I laid before you all the Reaſons Philoſophy could furniſh, which I thought might any ways ſoften the Strokes of Fortune:

E

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tune: But all these Endeavours have proved useless: Grief I perceive has wholly seized your Spirits, and your Prudence, far from assisting, seems quite to have forsaken you. But my skilful Friendship has found out an Expedient to relieve you. Attend to me a Moment, hear but the Story of my Misfortune; and yours, *Philintus*, will be nothing, if you compare them with those of the loving and unhappy *Abelard*. Observe, I beseech you, at what Expence I endeavour to serve you; and think this no small Mark of my Affection; for I am going to present you with the Relation of such Particulars as it is impossible for me to recollect without piercing my Heart with the most sensible Affliction.

You know the Place where I was born, but not perhaps that I was born with those complexional Faults which Strangers charge upon our Nation, an extreme lightness of Temper, and great Inconstancy. I frankly own it, and shall be as free to acquaint you with those good Qualities which were observed in me. I had a natural Vivacity and Aptness for all the polite Arts. My Father was a Gentleman, and a Man of good Parts; he loved the Wars, but differ'd in his Sentiments from many who follow that Profession. He thought it no Praise to be illiterate; but in the Camp he knew how to converse at the same Time with the Muses and *Bellona*. He was the same in the Management of his Family, and took equal Care to form his Children to the Study of polite Learning, as to their Military Exercises. As I was his eldest, and consequently his favourite Son, he took more than ordinary Care of my Education. I had a natural Genius to Study, and made an extraordinary Progress in it. Smitten with the Love of Books, and the Praises which on all Sides were bestowed upon me, I aspir'd to no Reputation, but what proceeded from Learning. To my Brothers I left the Glory of Battels, and the Pomp of Triumphs; nay more, I yielded them up my Birth-right and Patrimony. I knew Necessity was the great Spur to Study, and was afraid, I should not merit the Title of Learned, if I distinguished my self from

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from others by nothing but a more plentiful Fortune. Of all the Sciences, *Logick* was the most to my Taste. Such were the Arms I chose to profess. Furnish'd with the Weapons of Reasoning, I took Pleasure in going to publick Disputations, to win Trophies; and where-ever I heard that this Art flourish'd, I rang'd, like another *Alexander*, from Province to Province, to seek new Adversaries, with whom I might try my Strength.

THE Ambition I had to become formidable in Logick led me at last to *Paris*, the Center of Politeness, and where the Science I was so smitten with, had usually been in the greatest Perfection. I put my self under the Direction of one *Champeaux* a Professor, who had acquired the Character of the most skilful Philosopher of his Age, by negative Excellencies only, by being the least Ignorant. He received me with great Demonstrations of Kindness, but I was not so happy as to please him long: I was too knowing in the Subjects he discoursed upon; I often confuted his Notions; often in our Disputations I push'd a good Argument so home, that all his Subtility was not able to elude its Force. It was impossible he should see himself surpassed by his Scholar without Resentment. It is sometimes dangerous to have too much Merit.

ENVY increased against me proportionably to my Reputation. My Enemies endeavour'd to interrupt my Progress, but their Malice only provok'd my Courage. And measuring my Abilities by the Jealousy I had raised, I thought I had no farther Occasion for *Champeaux*'s Lectures, but rather that I was sufficiently qualified to read to others. I stood for a Place which was vacant at *Melun*. My Master used all his Artifices to defeat my Hopes, but in vain; and on this Occasion, I triumphed over his Cunning, as before I had done over his Learning. My Lectures were always crouded, and my Beginning so fortunate, that I entirely obscur'd the Renown of my famous Master. Flushed with these happy Conquests, I removed to *Corbeil*, to attack the Masters there, and so establish my Character of the ablest Logician. The Violence of Travelling

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threw me into a dangerous Diſtemper, and not being able to recover my Strength, my Phyſicians, who perhaps were in a League with *Champeaux*, adviſed me to remove my Native Air. Thus I voluntarily baniſhed my ſelf for ſome Years. I leave you to imagine whether my Abſence was not regretted by the better Sort. At length I recovered my Health, when I received News that my greateſt Adverſary had taken the Habit of a Monk; you may think it was an Act of Penitence for having perſecuted me; quite contrary, 'twas Ambition; he reſolved to raiſe himſelf to Church Dignity, therefore fell into the beaten Track, and took on him the Garb of a feigned Auſterity; for this is the eaſieſt and ſhorteſt Way to the higheſt Eccleſiaſtical Dignities. His Wiſhes were ſucceſsful, and he obtain'd a Biſhoprick: Yet did he not quit *Paris*, and the Care of the Schools: He went to his Dioceſe to gather in his Revenues, but return'd and paſs'd the reſt of his Time in reading Lectures to thoſe few Pupils which followed him. After this I often engaged with him, and may reply to you as *Ajax* did to the *Greeks*;

If you demand the Fortune of that Day
When ſtak'd on this right Hand your Honours lay,
If I did not oblige the Foe to yield,
Yet did I never baſely quit the Field.

About this Time my Father *Beranger*, who to the Age of Sixty had lived very agreeably, retired from the World, and ſhut himſelf up in a Cloiſter, where he offer'd up to Heaven the languid Remains of a Life, he could make no further uſe of. My Mother, who was yet young, took the ſame Reſolution. She turn'd a Religious, but did not entirely abandon the Satisfactions of Life. Her Friends were continually at the Grate. And the Monaſtery, when one has an Inclination to make it ſo, is exceeding Charming and Pleaſant. I was preſent when my Mother was profeſs'd. At my Return, I reſolv'd to ſtudy Divinity, and enquir'd for a Director in that Study. I was recommended

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ded to one *Anſelm*, the very Oracle of his Time; but to give you my own Opinion, one more venerable for his Age and Wrinkles, than for his Genius or Learning. If you conſulted him upon any Difficulty, the ſure Conſequence was to be much more uncertain in the Point. They who only ſaw him admir'd him, but thoſe who reaſon'd with him were extremely diſſatisfied. He was a great Maſter of Words, and talk'd much, but meant nothing. His Diſcourſe was a Fire, which inſtead of enlightning obſcured every thing with its Smoke; a Tree beautified with Variety of Leaves and Branches, but barren. I came to him with a Deſire to Learn, but found him like the Fig-tree in the Goſpel, or the old Oak to which *Lucian* compares *Pompey*. I continued not long underneath his Shadow. I took for my Guides the Primitive Fathers, and boldly launch'd into the Ocean of the Holy Scriptures. In a ſhort Time I made ſuch a Progreſs, that others choſe Me for their Director. The Number of my Scholars were incredible, and the Gratuities I received from them were anſwerable to the great Reputation I had acquired. Now I found myſelf ſafe in the Harbour, the Storms were paſs'd, and the Rage of my Enemies had ſpent it ſelf without Effect. Happy, had I known to make a right uſe of this Calm! But when the Mind is moſt eaſy, 'tis moſt expos'd to Love, and even Security here is the moſt dangerous State.

AND now, my Friend, I am going to expoſe to you all my Weaknеſſes. All Men, I believe, are under a Neceſſity of paying Tribute, at ſome Time or other, to Love, and it is in vain to ſtrive to avoid it. I was a Philoſopher, yet this Tyrant of the Mind triumph'd over all my Wiſdom; his Darts were of greater Force than all my Reaſonings, and with a ſweet Conſtraint he led me whither he pleas'd. Heav'n, amidſt an abundance of Bleſſings with which I was intoxicated, threw in a heavy Affliction. I became a moſt ſignal Example of its Vengeance; and the more unhappy, becauſe having deprived me of the Means of accompliſhing my Satisfaction, it left me to the Fury of my criminal Deſires. I will tell you, my dear Friend, the Particu-

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lars of my Story, and leave you to judge whether I deſerved ſo ſevere a Correction.

I had always an Averſion for thoſe light Women, whom 'tis a Reproach to purſue; I was ambitious in my Choice, and wiſh'd to find ſome Obſtacles, that I might ſurmount them with the greater Glory and Pleaſure.

THERE was in *Paris* a young Creature (ah *Philintus!*) form'd in a Prodigality of Nature, to ſhew Mankind a finiſh'd Compoſition; dear *Heloiſe*! the reputed Neice of one *Fulbert* a Canon. Her Wit and her Beauty would have fired the dulleſt and moſt inſenſible Heart; and her Education was equally admirable. *Heloiſe* was a Miſtreſs of the moſt polite Arts. You may eaſily imagine, that this did not a little help to captivate me: I ſaw her, I lov'd her, I reſolv'd to endeavour to engage her Affections. The thirſt of Glory cool'd immediately in my Heart, and all my Paſſions were loſt in this new one. I thought of nothing but *Heloiſe*; every thing brought her Image to my Mind. I was penſive, reſtleſs, and my Paſſion was ſo violent as to admit of no Reſtraint. I was always vain and preſumptive; I flatter'd my ſelf already with the moſt bewitching Hopes. My Reputation had ſpread it ſelf every where; and cou'd a virtuous Lady reſiſt a Man that had confounded all the Learned of the Age? I was young—cou'd ſhe ſhew an Inſenſibility to thoſe Vows which my Heart never form'd for any but herſelf? My Perſon was advantageous enough, and by my Dreſs no one would have ſuſpected me for a Doctor, and Dreſs, you know, is not a little engaging with Women. Beſides, I had Wit enough to write a *Billetdoux*, and hop'd, if ever ſhe permitted my abſent ſelf to entertain her, ſhe would read with pleaſure thoſe Breathings of my Heart.

FILL'D with theſe Notions, I thought of nothing but the Means to ſpeak to her. Lovers either find or make all Things eaſy. By the Offices of common Friends, I gain'd the Acquaintance of *Fulbert*. And can you believe it, *Philintus*, he allow'd me the Privilege of his Table, and an Apartment in his Houſe:

I paid

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I paid him indeed a conſiderable Sum, for Perſons of his Character do nothing without Money. But what would I not have given? You, my dear Friend, know what Love is; imagine then what a Pleaſure it muſt have been to a Heart ſo inflam'd as mine, to be always ſo near the dear Object of deſire! I would not have exchanged my happy Condition for that of the greateſt Monarch upon Earth. I ſaw *Heloiſe*, I ſpoke to her, ——— each Action, each confuſed Look, told her the Trouble of my Soul. And ſhe, on the other Side, gave me ground to hope for every thing from her Generoſity. *Fulbert* deſired me to inſtruct her in Philoſophy; by this means I found Opportunities of being in private with her, and yet, I was ſure of all Men the moſt timorous in declaring my Paſſion.

As I was with her one Day alone, Charming *Heloiſe*, ſaid I bluſhing, if you know your ſelf, you will not be ſurprized with that Paſſion you have inſpired me with. Uncommon as it is, I can expreſs it but with the common Terms ——— I love you, adorable *Heloiſe*! 'Till now I thought Philoſophy made us Maſters of all our Paſſions, and that it was a Refuge from the Storms in which weak Mortals are toſs'd and ſhip-wreck'd: But you have deſtroy'd my Security, and broken this Philoſophic Courage. I have deſpis'd Riches; Honour and its Pageantries could never raiſe a weak Thought in me: Beauty alone has fir'd my Soul: happy if ſhe who raiſed this Paſſion, kindly receives the Declaration; but if it is an Offence ——— No, replied *Heloiſe*; ſhe muſt be very ignorant of your Merit, who can be offended at your Paſſion. But for my own Repoſe, I wiſh either that you had not made this Declaration, or that I were at Liberty not to ſuſpect your Sincerity. A Divine *Heloiſe*, ſaid I, flinging my ſelf at her Feet, I ſwear by your ſelf ——— I was going on to convince her of the Truth of my Paſſion, but heard a Noiſe, and it was *Fulbert*. There was no avoiding it, but I muſt do a Violence to my Deſire, and change the Diſcourſe to ſome other Subject. After this, I found frequent Opportunities to-

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free *Heloiſe* from thoſe ſuſpicions, which the general Inſincerity of Men had raiſed in her; and ſhe too much deſired what I ſaid were Truth, not to believe it. Thus there was a moſt happy underſtanding between us. The ſame Houſe, the ſame Love united our Perſons and our Deſires. How many ſoft Moments did we paſs together? We took all Opportunities to expreſs to each other our mutual Affections, and were ingenious in contriving Incidents which might give us a plauſible Occaſion of meeting. *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*'s Diſcovery of the Crack in the Wall, was but a ſlight Repreſentation of our Love, and its Sagacity. In the dead of Night, when *Fulbert* and his Domeſticks were in a ſound Sleep, we improved the Time, proper to the ſweet Thefts of Love: Not contenting our ſelves, like thoſe unfortunate Lovers, with giving inſipid Kiſſes to a Wall, we made uſe of all the Moments of our charming Interviews. In the Place where we met we had no Lions to fear, and the Study of Philoſophy ſerv'd us for a Blind. But I was ſo far from making any Advances in the Sciences, that I loſt all my Taſte of them; and when I was obliged to go from the Sight of my dear Miſtreſs to my Philoſophical Exerciſes, 'twas with the utmoſt Regret and Melancholy. Love is incapable of being concealed; a Word, a Look, nay Silence ſpeaks it. My Scholars diſcover'd it firſt; they ſaw I had no longer Vivacity of Thought to which all things were eaſie: I could now do nothing but write Verſes to ſooth my Paſſion: I quitted *Ariſtotle* and his dry Maxims to practiſe the Precepts of the more ingenious *Ovid*. No Day paſs'd in which I did not compoſe amorous Verſes. Love was my inſpiring *Apollo*. My Songs were ſpread abroad, and gain'd me frequent Applauſes. Thoſe who were in Love as I was, took a Pride in learning them; and by luckily applying my Thoughts and Verſes, have obtain'd Favours, which perhaps they cou'd not otherwiſe have gained: This gave our Amours ſuch an *Eclat*, that the Loves of *Heloiſe* and *Abelard* were the Subject of all Converſations.

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THE Town-talk at laſt reach'd *Fulbert*'s Ears; it was with great Difficulty he gave Credit to what he heard, for he lov'd his Niece, and was prejudiced in my Favour; but upon cloſer Examination, he began to be leſs incredulous. He ſurpriſed us in one of our more ſoft Converſations. How fatal ſometimes are the Conſequences of Curioſity! The Anger of *Fulbert* ſeemed too moderate on this Occaſion, and I fear'd in the End ſome more heavy Revenge. It is impoſſible to expreſs the Grief and Regret which fill'd my Soul, when I was oblig'd to leave the Canon's Houſe and my dear *Heloiſe*. But this Separation of our Perſons the more firmly united our Minds; and the deſperate Condition we were reduced to, made us capable of attempting any thing.

MY Intrigues give me but little Shame, ſo lovingly did I eſteem the Occaſion: Think what the gay young Divinities ſaid, when *Vulcan* caught *Mars* and the Goddeſs of Beauty in his Net, and impute it all to me. *Fulbert* ſurpriz'd me with *Heloiſe*, and what Man that had a Soul in him would not have born any Ignominy on the ſame Conditions? The next Day I provided my ſelf of a private Lodging near the lov'd Houſe, being reſolv'd not to abandon my Prey. I continued ſometime without appearing publickly. Ah how long did thoſe few Moments ſeem to me! When we fall from a State of Happineſs, with what Impatience do we bear our Misfortune?

IT being impoſſible that I could live without ſeeing *Heloiſe* I endeavour'd to engage her Servant, whoſe Name was *Agaton*, in my Intereſt; ſhe was brown, well-ſhaped, of a Perſon ſuperior to the ordinary Rank; her Features regular, and her Eyes ſparkling; fit to raiſe Love in any Man whoſe Heart was not prepoſſeſs'd by another Paſſion. I met her alone, and intreated her to have Pity on a diſtreſſed Lover. She anſwer'd, ſhe would undertake any thing to ſerve me, but there was a reward——at theſe Words I open'd my Purſe, and ſhew'd the ſhining Metal, which lays aſleep Guards, forces a Way thro' Rocks, and ſoftens the Heart of the moſt obdurate Fair. You are miſta-

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len; said she, smiling and shaking her Head ——— you do not know me; could Gold tempt me, a rich Abbot takes his nightly Station, and sings under my Window; he offers to send me to his Abby, which, he says, is situate in the most pleasant Country in the World. A Courtier offers me a considerable Sum, and assures me I need have no apprehensions; for if our Amours have Consequences, he will marry me to his Gentleman, and give him a handsome Employment. To say nothing of a young Officer, who patroles here every Night, and makes his Attacks after all imaginable Forms. It must be Love only which could oblige him to follow me; for I have not like your great Ladies, any Rings or Jewels to tempt him: Yet during all his Siege of Love, his Feather and his embroider'd Coat have not made any Breach in my Heart: I shall not quickly be brought to capitulate, I am too faithful to my first Conqueror ——— and then she look'd earnestly on me. I answer'd, I did not understand her Discourse. She replied, For a Man of Sense and Gallantry, you have a very slow Apprehension; I am in Love with you, *Abelard*; I know you adore *Heloise*, I do not blame you; I desire only to enjoy the second Place in your Affections: I have a tender Heart, as well as my Mistress; you may without difficulty make Returns to my Passion; do not perplex your self with unfashionable Scruples: A prudent Man ought to love several at the same Time; if one should fail, he is not then left unprovided.

You cannot imagine, *Philintus*, how much I was surpriz'd at these Words; so entirely did I love *Heloise*, that without reflecting whether *Agaton* spoke any thing reasonable or not, I immediately left her. When I had gone a little way from her, I look'd back, and saw her biting her Nails in the Rage of Disappointment, which made me fear some fatal Consequences. She hasten'd to *Fulbert*, and told him the Offer I had made her, but I suppose conceal'd the other Part of the Story. The Canon never forgave this Affront; I afterwards perceiv'd he was more deeply concern'd for his Niece, than I at first imagin'd. Let no Lover

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hereafter follow my Example: A Woman rejected is an outrageous Creature. *Agaton* was Day and Night at her Window, on purpose to keep me at a Distance from her Mistress, and so gave her own Gallants Opportunity enough to display their several Abilities.

I was infinitely perplex'd what course to take, at last I apply'd my self to my *Heloise*'s Singing-Master. The shining Metal, which had no Effect upon *Agaton*, charmed him; he was excellently qualified for conveying a Billet, with the greatest Dexterity and Secrecy. He delivered one of mine to *Heloise*, who, according to my Appointment, was ready at the End of a Garden, the Wall of which I scaled by a Ladder of Ropes. I confess to you all my Failings, *Philintus*. How would my Enemies, *Champeaux* and *Anselm*, have triumphed had they seen the redoubted Philosopher in such a wretched Condition? Well——I met my Soul's Joy, my *Heloise*; I shall not describe our Transports, they were not long; for the first News *Heloise* acquainted me with, plunged me in a thousand Distractions. A floating *Delos* was to be sought for, where she might be safely deliver'd of a Burthen she began already to feel. Without losing much Time in debating, I made her presently quit the Canon's House, and at break of Day depart for *Britany*; where she, like another Goddess, gave the World another *Apollo* which my Sister took care of.

This carrying off *Heloise* was sufficient Revenge upon *Fulbert*. It fill'd him with the deepest Concern, and had like to have deprived him of all that little Share of Wit which Heaven had allowed him. His Sorrow and Lamentation gave the Censorious an Occasion of suspecting him for something more than the Uncle of *Heloise*.

In short, I began to pity his Misfortune, and to think this Robbery which Love had made me to commit was a sort of Treason. I endeavoured to appease his Anger by a sincere Confession of all that was past, and by hearty Engagements to marry *Heloise* secretly. He gave me his Consent, and with many Protestations and Embraces confirmed our Reconciliation. But what Depen-

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Dependence can be made on the Word of an ignorant *Devotée*. He was only plotting a cruel Revenge, as you will see by what follows.

I took a Journey into *Britany*, in order to bring back my dear *Heloise*, whom I now considered as my Wife. When I had acquainted her with what had pass'd between the Canon and me, I found she was of a contrary Opinion to me. She urged all that was possible to divert me from Marriage: That it was a Bond always fatal to a Philosopher; that the Cries of Children and Cares of a Family were utterly inconsistent with the Tranquility and Application which the Study of Philosophy required. She quoted to me all that was written on the Subject by *Theophrastus*, *Cicero*, and above all insisted on the Unfortunate *Socrates*, who quitted Life with Joy, because by that Means he left *Xantippe*. Will it not be more agreeable to me, said she, to be your Mistress than your Wife? And will not Love have more Power then Marriage to keep our Hearts firmly united? Pleasures tasted sparingly and with Difficulty have always a higher Relish, while every thing by being easy and common grows flat and insipid.

I was unmoved by all this Reasoning. *Heloise* prevail'd upon my Sister to engage me. *Lucilla* (for that was her Name) taking me aside one Day said, What do you intend, Brother? Is it possible that *Abelard* should in earnest think of marrying *Heloise*? She seems indeed to deserve a perpetual Affection; Beauty, Youth and Learning all that can make a Person valuable, meet in her. You may adore all this if you please; but not to flatter you, What is Beauty but a Flower, which may be blasted by the least Fit of Sickness? When those Features with which you have been so captivated shall be sunk, and those Graces lost, you will too late repent that you have entangled your self in a Chain, from which Death only can free you. I shall see you reduced to the married Man's only Hope of Survivorship. Do you think Learning ought to make *Heloise* more amiable? I know she is not one of those affected Females, who are continually oppressing

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fing you with fine Speeches, criticiſing Books, and deciding upon the Merit of Authors. When ſuch an one is in the Fury of her Diſcourſe, Husband, Friends, Servants, all fly before her. *Heloiſe* has not this Fault; yet 'tis troubleſome not to be at Liberty to uſe the leaſt improper Expreſſion before a Wife, which you bear with leaſure from a Miſtreſs.

BUT you ſay you are ſure of the Affections of *Heloiſe*; I believe it: ſhe has given you no ordinary Proofs. But can you be ſure Marriage will not be the Tomb of her Love; The Name of Husband and Maſter are always harſh, and *Heloiſe* will not be the *Phœnix* you now think her. Will ſhe not be a Woman? Come, come, the Head of a Philoſopher is leſs ſecure than thoſe of other Men. My Siſter grew warm in the Argument, and was going on to give me a hundred more Reaſons of this kind; but I angrily interrupted her, telling her only, that ſhe did not know *Heloiſe*.

A few Days after we departed together from *Britany*, and came to *Paris*, where I compleated my Project. 'Twas my intent my Marriage ſhould be kept ſecret, and therefore *Heloiſe* retir'd among the Nuns of *Argenteuil*.

I now thought *Fulbert*'s Anger diſarm'd; liv'd in Peace; but alas! our Marriage proved but a weak Defence againſt his Revenge. Obſerve, *Philintus*, to what a Barbarity he purſu'd it! He bribed my Servants; an Aſſaſſin came into my Bed-Chamber by Night with a Razor in his Hand, and found me in a deep Sleep. I ſuffer'd the moſt ſhameful Puniſhment that the Revenge of an Enemy could invent; in ſhort, without loſing my Life, I loſt my Manhood. I was puniſhed indeed in the offending Part; the Deſire was left me, but not the Poſſibility of ſatisfying the Paſſion. So cruel an Action eſcaped not unpuniſhed; the Villain ſuffer'd the ſame infliction; poor Comfort for ſo irretrievable an Evil; I confeſs to you, Shame more than any ſincere Penitence made me reſolve to hide my ſelf from the Sight of Men, yet could I not ſeparate my ſelf from my *Heloiſe*. Jealouſy took Poſſeſſion of my Mind; and at the very Expence of her Happi-

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neſs I decreed to diſappoint all Rivals: Before I put my ſelf in a Cloiſter, I obliged her to take the Habit, and retire into the Nunnery of *Argenteuil*. I remember ſome Body would have oppoſed her making ſuch a cruel ſacrifice of her ſelf, but ſhe anſwered in the Words of *Cornelia* after the Death of *Pompey* the Great,

—O Conjux, ego te ſcelerata peremi.
—te fata extrema petente
Vita digna fui? Moriar———&c.

O my lov'd Lord! our fatal Marriage draws
On thee this Doom, and I the guilty Cauſe!
Then while thou go'ſt th' Extremes of Fate to prove,
I'll ſhare that Fate, and expiate thus my Love.

Speaking theſe Verſes, ſhe marched up to the Altar, and took the Veil with a Conſtancy which I could not have expected in a Woman who had ſo high a Taſte of Pleaſures which ſhe might ſtill enjoy. I bluſhed at my own Weakneſs, and without deliberating a Moment longer, I buried my ſelf in a Cloiſter, reſolved to vanquiſh a fruitleſs Paſſion. I now reflected that God had chaſtiſed me thus grievouſly, that he might ſave me from that Deſtruction in which I had like to have been ſwallowed up. In order to avoid Idleneſs, the unhappy Incendiary of thoſe criminal Flames which had ruined me in the World, I endeavoured in my Retirement to put thoſe Talents to a good Uſe which I had before ſo much abuſed. I gave the Novices Rules of Divinity agreeable to the Holy Fathers and Councils. In the mean while the Enemies which my new Fame had raiſed up, and eſpecially *Alberic* and *Lotulf*, who, after the Death of their Maſters *Champeaux* and *Anſelm*, aſſumed the Sovereignty of Learning, began to attack me. They loaded me with the falſeſt Imputations, and notwithſtanding all my Defence, I had the Mortification to ſee my Books condemn'd by a Council, and burnt. This was a cutting Sorrow; and believe me, *Philintus*, the former

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mer Calamity I ſuffer'd by the Cruelty of *Fulbert*, was nothing in Compariſon to this.

THE Affront I had newly received, and the ſcandalous Debaucheries of the Monks, obliged me to baniſh my ſelf, and retire near to *Nogent*. I liv'd in a Deſart, where I flatter'd my ſelf I ſhould avoid Fame, and be ſecure from the Malice of my Enemies. I was again deceived. The Deſire of being taught by me, drew Crouds of Auditors even thither. Many left the Towns and their Houſes, and came and lived in Tents; for Herbs, coarſe Fare, and hard Lodging, they abandoned the Delicacies of a plentiful Table, and eaſy Life. I looked like the Prophet in the Wilderneſs attended by his Diſciples. My Lectures were perfectly clear from all that had been condemn'd. And happy had it been if our Solitude had been inacceſſible to Envy! With the conſiderable Gratuities I received, I built a Chappel, and dedicated it to the Holy Ghoſt, by the Name of the *Paraclete*. The Rage of my Enemies now awaken'd again, and forced me to quit this Retreat. This I did without much Difficulty; But firſt the Biſhop of *Troies* gave me leave to eſtabliſh there a Nunnery, which I did, and committed the Care of it to my dear *Heloiſe*. When I had ſettled her here, can you believe it, *Philintus*, I left her without taking any Leave. I did not wander long without any ſettled Habitation; for the Duke of *Britany*, informed of my Misfortunes, named me to the Abbey of St. *Guildas*, where I now am, and where I ſuffer every Day freſh Perſecutions.

I live in a barbarous Country, the Language of which I don't underſtand; I have no Converſation but with the rudeſt People. My Walks are on the inacceſſible Shore of a Sea, which is perpetually Stormy. My Monks are only known by their Diſſoluteneſs, and living without any Rule or Order. Could you ſee the Abbey, *Philintus*, you would not call it one. The Doors and Walls are without any Ornament, except the Heads of wild boars and Hinds Feet, which are nail'd up againſt them, and the Hides of frightful Animals. The Cells are hung with the Skins of

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Deer. The Monks have not ſo much as a Bell to wake them, the Cocks and Dogs ſupply that Defect. In ſhort they paſs their whole Days in Hunting, would to Heaven that were the greateſt Fault! or that their Pleaſures terminated there! I endeavour in vain to recal them to their Duty; they all combine againſt me, and I only expoſe my ſelf to continual Vexations and Dangers. I imagine I ſee every Moment a naked Sword hang over my Head. Sometimes they ſurround me, and load me with infinite Abuſes; ſometimes they abandon me, and I am left alone to my own tormenting Thoughts. I make it my Endeavour to merit by my Sufferings, and to appeaſe an angry God. Sometimes I grieve for the loſs of the Houſe of the *Paraclete*, an wiſh to ſee it again. Ah *Philintus*, does not the Love of *Heloiſe* ſtill burn in my Heart? I have not yet triumphed over that unhappy Paſſion. In the midſt of my Retirement I ſigh, I weep, I pine, I ſpeak the dear Name *Heloiſe*, and am pleaſed to hear the Sound. I complain of the Severity of HEAVEN. But oh! let us not deceive our ſelves: I have not made a right Uſe of GRACE, I am thoroughly wretched. I have not yet tore from my Heart the deep Roots which Vice has planted in it. For if my Converſation were ſincere, how could I take a Pleaſure to relate my paſt Follies? Could I not more eaſily comfort my ſelf in my Afflictions, could I not turn to my Advantage thoſe Words of God himſelf, *if they have perſecuted me, they will alſo perſecute you; if the World hate you, ye know that it hated me alſo?* Come *Philintus*, let us make a ſtrong Effort, turn our Misfortunes to our Advantage, make them Meritorious, or at leaſt wipe out our Offences; let us receive without murmuring what comes from the Hand of God, and let us not oppoſe our Will to his. Adieu, I give you Advice, which could I my ſelf follow, I ſhould be happy.

LETTER

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LETTER II.

HELOISE *to* ABELARD.

The foregoing Letter would probably not have produced any others, if it had been delivered to the Perſon to whom it was directed; but falling by Accident into Heloiſe's *Hands, who knew the Character, ſhe open'd it and read it; and by that Means her former Paſſion being awaken'd, ſhe immediately ſet her ſelf to write to her Huſband, as follows.*

* *To her Lord, her Father, her Huſband, her Brother; his Servant, his Child, his Wife, his Siſter, and to expreſs all that is Humble, Reſpectful, and Loving, to her* ABELARD, HELOISE *writes this.*

Conſolatory LETTER of yours to a Friend, happen'd ſome Days ſince to fall into my Hands; my knowledge of the Character, and my love of the Hand, ſoon gave me the Curioſity to open it: In Juſtification of the Liberty I took, I flatter'd my ſelf I might claim a Sovereign Privilege over every Thing which came from you: Nor was I ſcru-

* Domino ſuo, imo patri; conjugi ſuo, imo fratri; Ancilla ſua, imo filia; ipſius Uxor, imo Soror; Abelardo Heloiſſa, &c. Abel. Oper.

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pulous to break through the Rules of good Breeding, when it was to hear News of *Abelard*: But how dear did my Curiosity cost me? What Disturbance did it occasion? And how was I surprised to find the whole Letter fill'd with a particular and melancholy Account of our Misfortunes? I met with my Name a hundred Times; I never saw it without Fear; some heavy Calamity always followed it: I saw yours too, equally unhappy. These mournful but dear Remembrances, put my Spirits into such a violent Motion, that I thought it was too much to offer Comfort to a Friend for a few slight Disgraces, by such extraordinary Means as the Representations of our Sufferings and Revolutions. What Reflections did I not make? I began to consider the whole afresh, and perceived my self pressed with the same weight of Grief as when we first began to be miserable. Tho' length of Time ought to have closed up my Wounds, yet the seeing them described by your Hand was sufficient to make them all open and bleed afresh. Nothing can ever blot from my Memory what you have suffered in Defence of your Writings. I cannot help thinking of the rancorous Malice of *Alberic* and *Lotulf*. A cruel Uncle, and an injured Lover, will be always present to my aking Sight. I shall never forget what Enemies your Learning, and what Envy your Glory rais'd against you. I shall never forget your Reputation, so justly acquired, torn to Pieces, and blasted by the inexorable Cruelty of half-learned Pretenders to Science. Was not your Treatise of Divinity condemn'd to be burnt? Were not you threatned with perpetual Imprisonment? In vain you urged in your Defence, that your Enemies imposed on you Opinions quite different from your Meaning: In vain you condemn'd those Opinions; all was of no Effect towards your Justification; 'twas resolved you should be a Heretick. What did not those two false Prophets * accuse you of, who declaim'd so severely a-

* St. *Bernard* and St. *Norbert*.

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gainſt you before the Council of *Sens*? What Scandal were vented on occaſion of the new *Paraclete* given to your Chappel? What a Storm was raiſed againſt you by the treacherous Monks, when you did them the Honour to be call'd their Brother? This Hiſtory of our numerous Misfortunes, related in ſo true and moving a Manner, made my Heart bleed within me: My Tears, which I could not reſtrain, have blotted half your Letter; I wiſh they had effaced the whole, and that I had returned it to you in that Condition; I ſhould then have been ſatisfied with the little Time I kept; but it was demanded of me too ſoon.

I muſt confeſs I was much eaſier in my Mind before I read your Letter. Sure all the Misfortunes of Lovers are convey'd to them thro' their Eyes. Upon reading your LETTER, I felt all mine renew'd. I reproach'd my ſelf for having been ſo long without venting my Sorrows, when the Rage of our unrelenting Enemies ſtill burns with the ſame Fury. Since length of Time, which diſarms the ſtrongeſt Hatred, ſeems but to aggravate theirs; ſince it is decreed that your Virtue ſhall be perſecuted till it takes Refuge in the Grave and even beyond that, your Aſhes perhaps will not be ſuffer'd to reſt in Peace; let me always meditate on your Calamities, let me publiſh them thro' all the World, if poſſible, to ſhame an Age that has not known how to value you. I will ſpare no one, ſince no one would intereſt himſelf to protect you, and your Enemies are never weary of oppreſſing your Innocence. Alas! my Memory is perpetually fill'd with bitter Remembrances of paſt Evils, and are there more to be fear'd ſtill? Shall my *Abelard* be never mention'd without Tears? Shall the dear Name be never ſpoken but with Sighs? Obſerve, I beſeech you, to what a wretched Condition you have reduced me: Sad, afflicted, without any poſſible Comfort, unleſs it proceed from you. Be not then unkind, nor deny me, I beg of you that little Relief which you only can give. Let me have a faithful Account of all that concerns you. I would know every thing, be it ever

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ſo unfortunate. Perhaps, by mingling my Sighs with yours, I may make your Sufferings leſs; if that Obſervation be true, that all Sorrows divided are made lighter.

TELL me not, by way of Excuſe, you will ſpare our Tears; the Tears of Women ſhut up in a melancholy Place, and devoted to Penitence are not to be ſpar'd. And if you wait for an Opportunity to write pleaſant and agreeable Things to us, you will delay writing too long: Proſperity ſeldom chuſes the Side of the Virtuous; and Fortune is ſo blind, that in a Croud, in which there is perhaps but one wiſe and brave Man, it is not to be expected ſhe ſhould ſingle him out. Write to me then immediately, and wait not for Miracles; they are too ſcarce, and we too much accuſtomed to Misfortunes to expect any happy Turn. I ſhall always have this, if you pleaſe, and this will be always agreeable to me, that when I receive any Letters from you, I ſhall know you ſtill remember me. *Seneca*, (with whoſe Writings you have made me acquainted) as much a Stoick as he was, ſeemed to be ſo very ſenſible of this kind of Pleaſure, that upon opening any Letters from *Lucilius*, he imagined he felt the ſame Delight as when they converſed together.

I have made it an Obſervation ſince our Abſence, that we are much fonder of the Pictures of thoſe we love, when they are at a great Diſtance, than when they are near to us. It ſeems to me as if the farther they are removed, their Pictures grow the more finiſhed, and acquire a greater Reſemblance; at leaſt our Imagination, which perpetually figures them to us by the Deſire we have of ſeeing them again, makes us think ſo. By a peculiar Power, Love can make that ſeem Life itſelf, which as ſoon as the lov'd Object returns, is nothing but a little Canvas and dead Colours. I have your Picture in my Room, I never paſs by it without ſtopping to look at it; and yet when you were preſent with me, I ſcarce ever caſt my Eyes upon it: If a Picture, which is but a mute Repreſentation of an Object, can give ſuch Pleaſure, what can-

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cannot Letters inſpire? They have Souls, they can ſpeak, they have in them all that Force which expreſſes the Tranſports of the Heart; they have all the Fire of our Paſſions, they can raiſe them as much as if the Perſons themſelves were preſent; they have all the Softneſs and Delicacy of Speech, and ſometimes a boldneſs of Expreſſion even beyond it.

WE may write to each other; ſo innocent a Pleaſure is not forbidden us. Let us not loſe, thro' Negligence, the only Happineſs which is left us, and the only one perhaps which the Malice of our Enemies can never raviſh from us. I ſhall read that you are my Husband, and you ſhall ſee me addreſs you as a Wife. In ſpight of all your Misfortunes, you may be what you pleaſe in our Letter. Letters were firſt invented for comforting ſuch ſolitary Wretches as my ſelf. Having loſt the ſubſtantial Pleaſures of ſeeing and poſſeſſing you, I ſhall in ſome meaſure compenſate this loſs, by the ſatisfaction I ſhall find in your Writing. There I ſhall read your moſt ſecret Thoughts; I ſhall carry them always about me, I ſhall kiſs them every Moment; if you can be capable of any Jealouſy, let it be for the fond Careſſes I ſhall beſtow on your Letters, and envy only the Happineſs of thoſe Rivals. That Writing may be no Trouble to you, write always to me careleſly, and without Study: I had rather read the Dictates of the Heart than of the Brain. I cannot live if you do not tell me you always love me; but that Language ought to be ſo natural to you, that I believe you cannot ſpeak otherwiſe to me without great Violence to your ſelf. And ſince, by that melancholy Relation to your Friend, you have awaken'd all my Sorrows, 'tis but reaſonable you ſhould allay them by ſome Marks of an inviolable Love.

I do not however reproach you for the innocent Artifice you made uſe of to comfort a Perſon in Affliction, by comparing his Misfortune to another much greater. Charity is ingenious in finding out ſuch pious Artifices, and to be commended for uſing them. But do you owe nothing more to us than to that Friend,

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Friend, be the Friendſhip between you ever ſo intimate? We are call'd your Siſters; we call our ſelves your Children; and if it were poſſible to think of any Expreſſions which could ſignifie a dearer Relation, or a more affectionate Regard and mutual Obligation between us, we would uſe them: If we could be ſo ungrateful as not to ſpeak our juſt Acknowledgments to you, this Church, theſe Altars, theſe Walls, would reproach our Silence and ſpeak for us. But without leaving it to that, it will be always a Pleaſure to me to ſay, that you only are the Founder of this Houſe; 'tis wholly your Work. You, by inhabiting here, have given Fame and Sanction to a Place, known before only for the Robberies and Murders. You have in the literal Senſe, made the Den of Thieves a Houſe of Prayer. Theſe Cloiſters owe nothing to publick Charities; our Walls were not rais'd by the Uſury of Publicans, nor their Foundation laid in baſe Extortion. The God whom we ſerve, ſees nothing but innocent Riches, and harmleſs Votaries, whom you have placed here. Whatever this young Vineyard is, is owing all to you; and it is your Part to employ your whole Care to cultivate and improve it; this ought to be one of the principal Affairs of your Life. Tho' our holy Renunciation, our Vows, and our manner of Life, ſeem to ſecure us from all Temptations; tho' our Walls and Grates prohibit all approaches, yet 'tis the Outſide only, the Bark of the Tree, is cover'd from Injuries; while the Sap of original Corruption may imperceptibly ſpread within, even to the Heart, and prove fatal to the moſt promiſing Plantation, unleſs continual care be taken to cultivate and ſecure it. Virtue in us is grafted upon Nature and the Woman; the one is weak, and the other always changeable. To plant the Lord's Vine is a Work of no little Labour; and after it is planted, it will require great Application and Diligence to manure it. The Apoſtle of the Gentiles, as great a Labourer as he was, ſays, he hath planted, and *Apollos* hath watered, but 'tis God that gives the Increaſe. *Paul* had planted the Goſpel among the *Corinthians*, by his holy and earneſt Preaching;

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Preaching; *Apollos*, a zealous Disciple of that great Master, continued to cultivate it by frequent Exhortations; and the Grace of God, which their constant Prayers implored for that Church, made the Endeavours of both successful.

THIS ought to be an Example for your Conduct towards us. I know you are not slothful; yet your Labours are not directed to us; your Cares are wasted upon a Set of Men whose Thoughts are earthly, and you refuse to reach out your Hand to support those who are weak and staggering, in their way to Heaven, and who with all their Endeavours can scarcely preserve themselves from falling. You fling the Pearls of the Gospel before Swine when you speak to those who are fill'd with the good Things of this World, and nourished with the Fatness of the Earth; and you neglect the innocent Sheep, who, tender as they are, would yet follow you thro' Desarts and Mountains. Why are such Pains thrown away upon the ungrateful, while not a Thought is bestowed upon your Children, whose Souls would be fill'd with a Sense of your Goodness? But why should I intreat you in the Name of your Children? Is it possible I should fear obtaining any thing of you, when I ask it in my own Name? And must I use any other Prayers than my own, to prevail upon you? The St. *Austin*'s, *Tertulian*'s and *Jerom*'s have wrote to the *Eudoxa*'s, *Paula*'s and *Melania*'s; and can you read those Names, though of Saints, and not remember mine? Can it be Criminal for you to imitate St. *Jerome*, and discourse with me concerning the Scripture, or *Tertullian*, and preach Mortification; or St. *Austin*, and explain to me the Nature of Grace? Why should I only reap no Advantage from your Learning? When you write to me, you will write to your Wife. Marriage has made such a Correspondence lawful; and since you can, without giving the least Scandal, satisfie me, why will you not? I am not only engaged by my Vows, which might possibly be sometimes neglected; but I have a barbarous Uncle, whose Inhumanity is a Security against any criminal Desire, which Tenderness and the Remem-

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Remembrance of our paſt Enjoyments might inſpire. There is nothing that can cauſe you any Fear; you need not fly to conquer. You may ſee me, hear my Sighs, and be a Witneſs to all my Sorrows, without incurring any Danger, ſince you can only relieve me with Tears and Words. If I have put my ſelf into a Cloiſter with Reaſon, perſwade me to continue in it with Devotion: You have been the Occaſion of all my Misfortune; you therefore muſt be the Inſtrument of all my Comfort.

You cannot but remember, (for what do not Lovers remember?) with what Pleaſure I have paſt whole Days in hearing you diſcourſe. How when you were abſent I ſhut my ſelf from every one to write to you; how uneaſy I was, 'till my Letter had come to your Hands; what artful Management it required to engage Confidents: This Detail perhaps ſurpriſes you, and you are in pain for what will follow. But I am no longer aſhamed, that my Paſſion has no Bounds for you; for I have done more than all this. I have hated my ſelf that I might love you; I came hither to ruin my ſelf in a perpetual Impriſonment, that I might make you live quiet and eaſy. Nothing but Virtue, join'd to a Love perfectly diſingaged from the Commerce of the Senſes, could have produced ſuch Effects. Vice never inſpires any thing like this, it is too much enſlaved to the Body. When we love pleaſures, we love the Living and not the Dead. We leave off burning with Deſire, for thoſe who can no longer burn for us. This was my cruel Uncle's Notion; he meaſured my Virtue by the Frailty of my Sex, and thought it was the Man, and not the Perſon, I loved. But he has been guilty to no Purpoſe. I love you more than ever, and to revenge my ſelf of him, I will ſtill love you with all the Tenderneſs of my Soul, 'till the laſt Moment of my Life. If formerly my Affection for you was not ſo pure, if in thoſe Days the Mind and the Body ſhared in the Pleaſure of loving you, I often told you even then, that I was more pleaſed with poſſeſſing your Heart, than with any other Happineſs, and the Man was the Thing I leaſt valu'd in you.

You

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You cannot but be entirely perſuaded of this, by the extreme unwillingneſs I ſhew'd to marry you; tho' I knew that the Name of Wife was honourable in the World, and holy in Religion, yet the Name of your Miſtreſs had greater Charms, becauſe it was more free. The Bonds of Matrimony, however honourable, ſtill bear with them a neceſſary Engagement. And I was very unwilling to be neceſſitated to love always a Man, who perhaps would not always love me. I deſpiſed the Name of Wife, that I might live happy with that of Miſtreſs: And I find by your Letter to your Friend, you have not forgot that Delicacy of Paſſion in a Woman, who loved always you with the utmoſt Tenderneſs, and yet wiſh'd to Love you more. You have very juſtly obſerved in your Letter, that I eſteemed thoſe publick Engagements inſipid, which form Alliances only to be diſſolved by Death, and which put Life and Love under the ſame unhappy Neceſſity. But you have not added how often I have made Proteſtations that it was infinitely preferable to me to live with *Abelard* as his Miſtreſs, than with any other as Empreſs of the World, and that I was more happy in obeying you, than I ſhould have been in lawfully captivating the Lord of the Univerſe. Riches and Pomp are not the Charms of Love. True Tenderneſs makes us ſeparate the Lover from all that is external to him, and ſetting aſide his Quality, Fortune and Employments, conſider him ſingly by himſelf.

'Tis not Love, but the Deſire of Riches and Honour, which makes Women run into the Embraces of an indolent Huſband. Ambition, not Affection, forms ſuch Marriages. I believe indeed they may be followed with ſome Honours and Advantages, but I can never think that this is the Way to enjoy the Pleaſures of an affectionate Union, nor to feel thoſe ſecret and charming Emotions of Hearts that have long ſtrove to be united. Theſe Martyrs of Marriage pine always for larger Fortunes, which they think they have loſt. The Wife ſees Huſbands richer than her own, and the Huſband Wives better proportion'd

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than his. Their intereſted Vows occaſion Regret, and Regret produces Hatred. They ſoon part, or always deſire it. This reſtleſs and tormenting Paſſion puniſhes them for aiming at other Advantages by Love than Love it ſelf.

IF there is any Thing which may properly be called Happineſs here below, I am perſuaded it is in the Union of two Perſons who love each other with perfect Liberty, who are united by a ſecret Inclination, and ſatisfied with each others Merits: Their Hearts are full and leave no Vacancy for other Paſſion; they enjoy perpetual Tranquility, becauſe they enjoy Content.

IF I could believe you as truly perſuaded of my Merit as I am of yours, I might ſay there has been a Time when we were ſuch a Pair. Alas! How was it poſſible I ſhould not be certain of your Merit? If I could ever have doubted it, the univerſal Eſteem would have made me determine in your Favour. What Country, what City has not deſired your Preſence? Could you ever retire but you drew the Eyes and Hearts of all after you? Did not every one rejoice in having ſeen you? Even Women, breaking thro' the Laws of Decorum which Cuſtom had impoſed upon them, ſhewed manifeſtly they felt ſomething more for you than Eſteem. I have known ſome who have been profuſe in their Huſband's Praiſes who have yet envied my Happineſs, and given ſtrong Intimations they could have refuſed you nothing. But what could reſiſt you? Your Reputation, which ſo much ſooth'd the Vanity of our Sex; your Air, your Manner; that Life in your Eyes which ſo admirably expreſs'd the Vivacity of your Mind; your Converſation, with that Eaſe and Elegance, which gave every Thing you ſpoke ſuch an agreeable and inſinuating Turn; in ſhort every Thing ſpoke for you: Very different from ſome mere Scholars, who with all their Learning, have not the Capacity to keep up an ordinary Converſation; and with all their Wit, cannot win the Affections of Women, who have a much leſs Share than themſelves.

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WITH what Eaſe did you compoſe Verſes? And yet thoſe ingenious Trifles, which were but a Recreation after your more ſerious Studies, are ſtill the Entertainment and Delight of Perſons of the beſt Taſte. The ſmalleſt Song, nay, the leaſt Sketch of any Thing you made for me, had a thouſand Beauties capable of making it laſt as long as there are Love or Lovers in the World. Thus thoſe Songs will be ſung in Honour of other Women, which you deſign'd only for me; and thoſe tender and natural Expreſſions which ſpoke your Love, will help others to explain their Paſſion, with much more Advantage than what they themſelves are capable of.

WHAT Rivals did your Galantries of this kind occaſion me? How many Ladies laid Claim to them? 'Twas a Tribute their Self-love paid to their Beauty. How many have I ſeen with Sighs declare their Paſſion for you, when after ſome common Viſit you had made them, they chanced to be complemented for the *Sylvia* of your Poems: Others in Deſpair and Envy have reproach'd me, that I had no Charms but what your Wit beſtow'd on me, nor in any Thing the Advantage over them, but in being belov'd by you. Can you believe me if I tell you, that notwithſtanding the Vanity of my Sex, I thought my ſelf peculiarly happy in having a Lover, to whom I was obliged for my Charms, and took a ſecret Pleaſure in being admired by a Man, who when he pleaſed could raiſe his Miſtreſs to the Character of a Goddeſs? Pleaſed with your Glory only, I read with Delight all thoſe Praiſes you offer'd me, and without reflecting how little I deſerved, I believed my ſelf ſuch as you deſcribed me, that I might be more certain I pleas'd you.

BUT oh! Where is that happy Time fled? I now lament my Lover, and of all my Joys there remains nothing but the painful Remembrance that *they are paſt*. Now learn, all you my Rivals who once view'd my Happineſs with ſuch jealous Eyes, that he you once envied me, can never more be yours or mine. I loved him; my Love was his Crime and the Cauſe of his Puniſhment. My Beauty once charmed him:

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Pleas'd with each other, we pass'd our brightest Days in Tranquility and Happiness. If that was a Crime, 'tis a Crime I am yet fond of, and I have no other Regret, than that against my Will I must necessarily be innocent. But what do I say? My Misfortune was to have cruel Relations, whose Mailce disturbed the Calm we enjoy'd: Had they been capable of the Returns of Reason, I had now been happy in the Enjoyment of my dear Husband. Oh! How cruel were they when their blind Fury urged a Villain to surprise you in your Sleep! Where was I? Where was your *Heloise* then? What Joy shall I have in defending my Lover? I would have guarded you from Violence, tho' at the Expence of my Life; my Cries and Shrieks alone would have stopp'd the Hand——Oh! whither does the Excess of Passion hury me? Here Love is shock'd, and Modesty join'd with Despair, deprive me of Words: 'Tis Eloquence to be silent, where no Expressions can reach the Greatness of the Misfortune.

But tell me whence proceeds your Neglect of me since my being profess'd? You know nothing mov'd me to it but your Disgrace, nor did I give any Consent but yours. Let me hear what is the Occasion of your Coldness, or give me Leave to tell you now my Opinion. Was it not the sole View of Pleasure which engaged you to me? And has not my Tenderness by leaving you nothing to wish for, extinguish'd your Desires? Wretched *Heloise!* You could please when you wish'd to avoid it: You merited Incense, when you could remove to a Distance the Hand that offer'd it. But since your Heart has been soften'd, and has yeilded; since you have devoted and sacrificed your self, you are despised and forgotten. I am convinc'd by a sad Experience, that it is natural to avoid those to whom we have been too much obliged; and that uncommon Generosity produces Neglect rather than Acknowledgment. My Heart surrender'd too soon, to gain the Esteem of the Conqueror; you took it without Difficulty, and gave it up as easily. But ungrateful as you are, I will never consent to it. And tho' in this

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this Place I ought not to retain a Wiſh of my own, yet I have ever ſecretly preſerved the Deſire of being beloved by you. When I pronounced my ſad Vow, I then had about me your laſt Letters, in which you proteſted you would be wholly mine, and would never live but to love me. 'Tis to you therefore I have offer'd my ſelf; you had my Heart, and I had yours; do not demand any Thing back: You muſt bear with my Paſſion, as a Thing which of Right belongs to you, and from which you can no Ways be diſingaged.

ALAS! What Folly is it to talk at this Rate? I ſee nothing here but Marks of the Deity, and I ſpeak of nothing but Man! You have been the cruel Occaſion of this, by your Conduct: Unfaithful Man! Ought you at once to break off loving me? Why did you not deceive me for a while, rather than immediately abandon me? If you had given me at leaſt but ſome faint Signs even of a dying Paſſion, I my ſelf had favour'd the Deception. But in vain would I flatter my ſelf that you could be conſtant; you have left me no Colour of making your Excuſe. I am earneſtly deſirous to ſee you, but if that be impoſſible, I will content my ſelf with a few Lines from your Hand. Is it ſo hard for one who loves to write? I aſk for none of your Letters filled with Learning, and writ for your Reputation: All I deſire is ſuch Letters as the Heart dictates, and which the Hand can ſcarce write faſt enough. How did I deceive my ſelf with the Hopes that you would be wholly mine, when I took the Veil, and engaged my ſelf to live for ever under your Laws? For in being profeſſed, I vowed no more than to be yours only, and I obliged my ſelf voluntarily to a Confinement in which you deſired to place me. Death only then can make me leave the Place where you have fixed me: and then too my Aſhes ſhall reſt here, and wait for yours, in order to ſhew my Obedience and Devotedneſs to you, to the lateſt Moment poſſible.

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WHY should I conceal from you the Secret of my Call? You know it was neither Zeal nor Devotion which lead me to a Cloister. Your Conscience is too faithful a Witness to permit you to disown it. Yet here I am, and here I will remain: to this Place an unfortunate Love and my cruel Relations have condemned me. But if you do not continue your Concern for me, if I lose your Affection, what have I gain'd by my Imprisonment? What Recompence can I hope for? The unhappy Consequences of a criminal Conduct, and your Disgraces, have put on me this Habit of Chastity, and not the sincere Desire of being truly Penitent. Thus I strive and labour in Vain. Among those who are wedded to God I serve a Man: Among the Heroick Supporters of the Cross I am a poor Slave to a Human Passion; at the Head of a Religious Community I am devouted to *Abelard* only. What a Prodigy am I? Enlighten me, O Lord! Does thy Grace or my own Despair draw these Words from me? I am sensible I am in the Temple of Chastity, cover'd only with the Ashes of that Fire which hath consumed us. I am here I confess, a Sinner, but one who far from weeping for her Sins, weeps only for her Lover; far from abhorring her Crimes, endeavours only to add to them; and who with a Weakness unbecoming the State I am in, please my self continually with the Remembrance of past Actions, when it is impossible to renew them.

GOOD God! What is all this! I reproach my self for my own Faults, I accuse you for yours, and to what Purpose? Veil'd as I am, behold in what a Disorder you have plunged me! How difficult is it to fight always for Duty against Inclination? I know what Obligations this Veil lays on me, but I feel more strongly what Power a long habitual Passion has over my Heart. I am conquer'd by my Inclination. My Love troubles my Mind, and disorders my Will. Sometimes I am sway'd by the Sentiments of Piety which arise in me, and the next Moment I yield up my Imagination to all that is Amorous and Tender. I tell you To-day what I would not have said to you Yester-

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Yesterday. I had resolved to love you no more; I consider'd I had made a Vow, taken the Veil, and am as it were dead and buried; yet there rises unexpectedly from the bottom of my Heart a Passion which triumphs over all these Notions, and darkens all my Reason and Devotion. You reign in such inward Retreats of my Soul, that I know not where to attack you: When I endeavour to break those Chains by which I am bound to you, I only deceive my self, and all the Efforts I am able to make serve but to bind them the faster. Oh, for Pity's sake, help a Wretch to renounce her Desires, herself, and if it be possible even to renounce you! If you are a Lover, a Father, help a Mistress, comfort a Child! These tender Names cannot they move you? Yield either to Pity or Love. If you gratify my Requests I shall continue a Religious without longer profaning my Calling. I am ready to humble my self with you to the wonderful Providence of God, who does all things for our Sanctification, who by his Grace purifies all that is vicious and corrupt in the Principle, and by the inconceivable Riches of his Mercy draws us to himself against our Wishes, and by Degrees opens our Eyes to discern the Greatness of his Bounty, which at first we would not understand.

I thought to end my Letter here. But now I am complaining against you, I must unload my Heart, and tell you all his Jealousies and Reproaches. Indeed I thought it something hard that when we had both engaged to consecrate our selves to Heaven, you shou'd insist upon my doing it first. Does *Abelard*, then, said I, suspect he shall see renew'd in me the Example of *Lot*'s Wife who could not forbear looking back when she left *Sodom*? If my Youth and Sex might give Occasion of Fear, that I should return to the World; could not my Behaviour, my Fidelity, and this Heart which you ought to know, could not these banish such ungenerous Apprehensions? This distrustful Foresight touch'd me sensibly. I said to my self, There was a Time when he could rely upon my bare Word, and does he now want Vows to secure himself to me? What

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What Occaſion have I given in the whole Courſe of my Life to admit the leaſt Suſpicion? I could meet him at all his Aſſignations, and would I decline following him in the Seats of Holineſs? I who have not refuſed to be a Victim of Pleaſure to gratify him, can he think I would refuſe to be a Sacrifice of Honour to obey him? Has Vice ſuch Charms to well-born Souls? And when we have once drank of the Cup of Sinners, is it with ſuch Difficulty that we take the Chalice of Saints? Or did you believe yourſelf a greater Maſter to teach Vice than Virtue, or did you think it was more eaſy to perſuade me to the Firſt than the Latter? No: This Suſpicion would be injurious to both. Virtue is too amiable not to be embraced, when you reveal her Charms; and Vice too hideous not to be avoided, when you ſhew her Deformities. Nay, when you pleaſe, any Thing ſeems lovely to me, and nothing is frightful or difficult when you are by. I am only weak when I am alone and unſupported by you, and therefore it depends on you alone, that I may be ſuch as you Deſire. I wiſh to Heaven you had not ſuch a Power over me. If you had any Occaſion to fear, you would be leſs negligent. But what is there for you to fear? I have done too much, and now have nothing more to do, but to triumph over your Ingratitude. When we lived happy together, you might have made it a doubt whether Pleaſure or Affection united me more to you; but the Place from whence I write to you, muſt now have entirely taken away that Doubt. Even here I love you as much as ever I did in the World. If I had loved Pleaſures, could I not yet have found Means to gratify my ſelf? I was but twenty two Years old: And there were other Men left, tho' I was deprived of *Abelard*: And yet did I not bury my ſelf alive in a Nunnery, and triumph over Love, at an Age capable of enjoying it in its full Latitude? 'Tis to you I ſacrifice theſe Remains of a tranſitory Beauty, theſe widow'd Nights and tedious Days, which I paſs without ſeeing you; and ſince you cannot poſſeſs them, I take them from you to offer them to Heaven, aud to make, alas! but a

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ſecon-

ſecondary Obligation of my Heart, my Days, and my Life!

I am ſenſible I have dwelt too long on this Head; I ought to ſpeak leſs to you of your Misfortunes, and of my own Sufferings, for Love of you. We tarniſh the Luſtre of our moſt beautiful Actions, when we applaud them our ſelves. This is true, and yet there is a Time when we may with Decency commend our ſelves; when we have to do with thoſe whom baſe Ingratitude has ſtupified, we cannot too much praiſe our own good Actions. Now if you were of this ſort of Men, this would be a home Reflection on you. Irreſolute as I am I ſtill love you, and yet I muſt hope for nothing. I have renounced Life, and ſtripp'd my ſelf of every Thing, but I find I neither have or can renounce my *Abelard*: Tho' I have loſt my Lover, I ſtill preſerve my Love. O Vows! O Convent! I have not loſt my Humanity under your inexorable Diſcipline! You have not made me Marble by changing my Habit: My Heart is not hardened by my Impriſonment; I am ſtill ſenſible to what has touched me, tho' alas I ought not to be ſo! Without offending your Commands, permit a Lover to exhort me to live in Obedience to your rigorous Rules. ~~Your Yoke~~ will be lighter, if that Hand ſupport me under it; your Exerciſes will be amiable, if ſhe ſhews me their Advantage. Retirement, Solitude! You will not appear terrible, if I may but ſtill know I have any Place in his Memory. A Heart which has been ſo ſenſibly affected as mine cannot ſoon be indifferent. We fluctuate long between Love and Hatred, before we can arrive at a happy Tranquility, and we always flatter our ſelves with ſome diſtant Hope, that it ſhall not be quite forgotten.

YES, *Abelard*, I conjure you by the Chains I bear here, to eaſe the Weight of them, and make them as agreeable as I wiſh they were to me: Teach me the Maxims of divine Love. Since you have forſaken me I glory in being wededd to Heaven. My Heart adores that Title, and diſdains any other; tell me how this divine Love is nouriſhed, how it operates, and purifies it

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it ſelf. When we are toſs'd in the Ocean of the World we could hear of nothing but your Verſes, which publiſhed every where our Joys and our Pleaſures. Now we are in the Haven of Grace, is it not fit you ſhould diſcourſe to me of this Happineſs, and teach me every Thing which might improve and heighten it? Shew me the ſame Complaiſance in my preſent Condition, as you did when we were in the World. Without changing the Ardour of our Affections, let us change their Object; let us leave our Songs, and ſing Hymns; let us lift up our Hearts to God, and have no Tranſports but for his Glory.

I expect this from you as a Thing you cannot refuſe me. God has a peculiar Right over the Hearts of great Men, which he has created. When he pleaſes to touch them, he raviſhes them and lets them not ſpeak nor breathe but for his Glory: Till that Moment of Grace arrives, O think of me——do not forget me——remember my Love, my Fidelity, my Conſtancy; love me as your Miſtreſs, cheriſh me as your Child, your Siſter, your Wife. Conſider that I ſtill love you, and yet ſtrive to avoid loving you. What a Word, what a Deſign is this! I ſhake with Horror, and my Heart revolts againſt what I ſay. I ſhall blot all my Papers with Tears—— I end my long Letter with wiſhing you, if you can deſire it, (would to Heaven I could) for ever Adieu.

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LETTER III.

ABELARD *to* HELOISE.

That the Reader may have a right Judgment on the following Letter, it is proper he ſhould be informed of the Condition ABELARD *was in when he wrote it. The Duke of* Britanny, *whoſe Subject he was born, jealous of the Glory of* France, *which then ingroſſed all the moſt famous Scholars of* Europe, *and being beſides acquainted with the Perſecution* ABELARD *had ſuffer'd from his Enemies, had nominated him to the Abbey of St.* Gildas, *and by this Benefaction and Mark of his Eſteem, engaged him to paſs the reſt of his Days in his Dominions. He received this Favour with great Joy, imagining, that by leaving* FRANCE, *he ſhould loſe his Paſſion, and gain a new Turn of Mind upon entring into his new Dignity. The Abbey of St.* Gildas; *is ſeated upon a Rock, which the Sea beats with its Waves.* ABELARD, *who had laid on himſelf the Neceſſity of vanquiſhing a Paſſion which Abſence had in a great Meaſure weakened, endeavoured in this Solitude to extinguiſh the Remains of it by his Tears. But upon his receiving the foregoing Letter, he could not reſiſt ſo powerful an Attack, but proves as weak and as much to be pity'd as* HELOISE: *'Tis not then a Maſter or Director that ſpeaks to her, but a Man who had loved her, and loves her ſtill: And under this Character we are to conſider* ABELARD *when he wrote the following Letter. If he ſeems by ſome Paſſages in it to have begun to feel the Motions of Divine Grace, they appear as yet to be only by Starts, and without any Uniformity.*

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OULD I have imagined that a LETTER not written to your self could have fallen into your Hands, I had been more cautious not to have inserted any thing in it which might awaken the Memory of our past Misfortunes. I described with Boldness the Series of my Disgraces to a Friend, in order to make him less sensible of a Loss he had sustain'd. If by this well-meaning Artifice I have disturbed you, I purpose here to dry up those Tears which the sad Description occasioned you to shed: I intend to mix my Grief with yours, and pour out my Heart before you; in short, to lay open before your Eyes all my Trouble, and the Secret of my Soul, which my Vanity has hitherto made me conceal from the rest of the World, and which you now force from me, in spight of my Resolutions to the contrary.

IT is true, that in a Sense of the Afflictions which had befallen us, and observing that no Change of our Condition was to be expected; that those prosperous Days which had seduced us were now past, and there remain'd nothing to eraze out of our Minds, by painful Endeavours, all Marks and Remembrance of them, I had wished to find in Philosophy and Religion a Remedy for my Disgrace; I search'd out an *Asylum* to secure me from Love. I was come to the sad Experiment of making Vows to harden my Heart. But what have I gain'd by this? If my Passion has been put under a Restraint, my Ideas yet remain. I promise my self that I will forget you, and yet cannot think of it without loving you; and am pleased with that Thought. My Love is not at all awakened by those Reflections I make in order to free my self. The Silence I am surrounded with makes me more sensible to its impressions, and while I am unemploy'd with any other Things, this makes itself the Business of my whole Vacation. 'Till after a Multitude of useless Endeavours I begin to perswade my self, that 'tis a superfluous Trouble to strive to free my self; and

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and that it is a Wiſdom ſufficient if I can conceal from every one but you, my Confuſion and Weakneſs.

I remove to a Diſtance from your Perſon, with an Intention of avoiding you as an Enemy; and yet I inceſſantly think of you in my Mind: I recal your Image in my Memory; and in ſuch different Diſquietudes I betray and contradict my ſelf. I hate you; I love you; Shame preſſes you on all Sides; I am at this Moment afraid leſt I ſhould ſeem more indifferent than you are, and yet I am aſhamed to diſcover my Trouble. How weak are we in our ſelves, if we do not ſupport ourſelves on the Croſs of Chriſt? Shall we have ſo little Courage, and ſhall that Uncertainty your Heart labours with, of ſerving two Maſters, affect mine too? You ſee the Confuſion I am in, what I blame my ſelf for, and what I ſuffer. Religion commands me to purſue Virtue, ſince I have nothing to hope for from Love. But Love ſtill preſerves its Dominion in my Fancy, and entertains it ſelf with paſt Pleaſures. Memory ſupplies the Place of a Miſtreſs. Piety and Duty are not always the Fruits of Retirement; even in Deſarts, when the Dew of Heaven falls not on us, we love what we ought no longer to love. The Paſſions, ſtirr'd up by Solitude, fill thoſe Regions of Death and Silence; and it is very ſeldom that what ought to be is truly followed there, and that God only is loved and ſerved. Had I always had ſuch Notions as theſe, I had inſtructed you better. You call me your Maſter, 'tis true, you were intruſted to my Care. I ſaw you, I was earneſt to teach you in vain Sciences; it coſt you your Innocence, and me my Liberty. Your Uncle, who was fond of you, became therefore my Enemy, and revenged himſelf on me. If now having loſt the Power of ſatisfying my Paſſion, I had loſt too that of loving you, I ſhou'd have ſome Conſolation. My Enemies would have given me that Tranquility, which *Origen* purchaſed by a Crime: How miſerable am I! My Misfortune does not looſe my Chains, my Paſſion grows furious by Impotence, and that Deſire I ſtill have for you amidſt all

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my Disgraces, makes me more unhappy than the Misfortune it self. I find my self much more guilty in my Thoughts of you, even amidst my Tears, than in possessing your self when I was in full Liberty. I continually think of you, I continually call to Mind that Day when you bestowed on me the first Marks of your Tenderness. In this Condition, O Lord! if I run to prostrate my self before thy Altars, if I beseech thee to pity me, why does not the pure Flame of thy Spirit consume the Sacrifice that is offered to thee? Cannot this Habit of Penitence which I wear, interest Heaven to treat me more favourably? But this is still inexorable, because my Passion still lives in me, the Fire is only covered over with deceitful Ashes, and cannot be extinguished but by extraordinary Grace. We deceive Men, but nothing is hid from God.

You tell me, that 'tis for me you live under that Veil which covers you; why do you prophane your Vocation with such Words? Why provoke a jealous God by a Blasphemy? I hoped, after our Separation, you would have changed your Sentiments; I hoped too, that God would have deliver'd me from the Tumult of my Senses, and that Contrariety which reigns in my Heart. We commonly die to the Affections of those whom we see no more, and they to ours: Absence is the Tomb of Love. But to Absence is an unquiet Remembrance of what I once loved, which continually torments me. I flatter'd my self that when I should see you no more, you would only rest in my Memory, without giving any Trouble to my Mind; that *Britany* and the Sea would inspire other Thoughts; that my Fasts and Studies would by Degrees eraze you out of my Heart: But in spite of severe Fasts and redoubled Studies, in spite of the Distance of three hundred Miles which separates us; your Image, such as you describe your self in your Veil, appears to me, and confounds all my Resolutions.

WHAT Means have I not used? I have armed my own Hands against my self; I have exhausted my Strength in constant Exercises; I Comment upon St. *Paul*; I Dispute with *Aristotle*; in short, I do all I used

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uſed to do before I lov'd you, but all in vain; nothing can be ſucceſsful that oppoſes you. Oh! do not add to my Miſeries by your Conſtancy; forget, if you can, your Favours, and that Right which they claim over me; permit me to be indifferent. I envy their Happineſs who have never lov'd; how quiet and eaſy are they! But the Tide of Pleaſures has always a Reflux of Bitterneſs: I am but too much now convinc'd of this; but tho' I am no longer deceiv'd by Love, I am no longer cured: While my Reaſon condemns it, my Heart declares for it. I am deplorable, that I have not the Ability to free my ſelf from a Paſſion which ſo many Circumſtances, this Place, my Perſon, and my Diſgraces, tend to deſtroy. I yield, without conſidering, that a Reſiſtance would wipe out my paſt Offences, and would procure me in their ſtead, Merit and Repoſe. Why ſhould you uſe Eloquence to reproach me for my Flight, and for my Silence? Spare the Recital of our Aſſignations, and your conſtant Exactneſs to them; without calling up ſuch diſturbing Thoughts, I have enough to ſuffer. What great Advantages would Philoſophy give us over other Men, if by ſtudying it we could learn to govern our Paſſions? But how humbled ought we to be when we cannot maſter them? What Efforts, what Relapſes, what Agitations do we undergo? And how long are we toſt in this Confuſion, unable to exert our Reaſon, to poſſeſs our Souls, or to rule our Affections?

WHAT a troubleſome Employment is Love! and how valuable is Virtue even upon Conſideration of our own Eaſe! Recollect your Extravagancies of Paſſion, gueſs at my Diſtractions; number up our Cares, if poſſible, our Griefs, and our Inquietudes; throw theſe Things out of the Account, and let Love have all its remaining Softneſs and Pleaſure. How little is that? And yet for ſuch Shadows of Enjoyments which at firſt appeared to us, are we ſo weak our whole Lives that we cannot now help Writing to each other, covered as we are with Sackcloth and Aſhes: How much happier ſhou'd we be, if by our Humiliation and Tears we could make our Repentance ſure.

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The Love of Pleaſure is not eradicated out of the Soul, but by extraordinary Efforts; it has ſo powerful a Party in our Breaſts, that we find it difficult to condemn it our ſelves. What Abhorrence can I be ſaid to have of my Sins, if the Objects of them are always amiable to me? How can I ſeparate from the Perſon I love, the Paſſion I muſt deteſt? Will the Tears I ſhed be ſufficient to render it odious to me? I know not how it happens, there is always a Pleaſure in weeping for a beloved Object. 'Tis difficult in our Sorrow to diſtinguiſh Penitence from Love. The Memory of the Crime, and the Memory of the Object which has charmed us, are too nearly related to be immediately ſeparated. And the Love of God in its beginning, does not wholly annihilate the Love of the Creature.

BUT what Exceſſes cou'd I not find in you, if the Crime were excuſable? Unprofitable Honour, troubleſome Riches, could never tempt me; but thoſe Charms, that Beauty, that Air, which I yet behold at this Inſtant have occaſioned my Fall. Your Looks were the beginning of my Guilt; your Eyes, your Diſcourſe, pierc'd my Heart; and in ſpite of that Ambition and Glory which fill'd it, and offer'd to make a Defence, Love ſoon made itſelf Maſter. God, in order to puniſh me, forſook me. His Providence permitted thoſe Conſequences which have ſince happened. You are no longer of the World; you have renounced it; I am a Religious, devoted to Solitude; ſhall we make no Advantage of our Condition? Would you deſtroy my Piety in its infant State? Would you have me forſake the Convent into which I am but newly enter'd? Muſt I renounce my Vows? I have made them in the Preſence of God; Whither ſhall I fly from his Wrath, if I violate them? Suffer me to ſeek for Eaſe in my Duty: How difficult is it to prove that! I paſs whole Days and Nights alone in this Cloiſter, without cloſing my Eyes. My Love burns fiercer, amidſt the happy Indifference of thoſe who ſurround me, and my Heart is at once pierced with your Sorrows and its own. Oh what a Loſs have I ſuſtained, when I con-

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consider your Constancy! What Pleasures have I missed enjoying! I ought not to confess this Weakness to you; I am sensible I commit a Fault; if I could have shewed more firmness of Mind, I should perhaps have provoked your Resentment against me, and your Anger might work that Effect in which your Virtue cou'd not. If in the World I published my Weakness by Verses and Love-Songs, ought not the dark Cells of this House to conceal that Weakness, at least under an Appearance of Piety! Alas! I am still the same! Or if I avoid the Evil, I cannot do the Good; and yet I ought to join both, in order to make this manner of living profitable. But how difficult is this in the Trouble which surrounds me? Duty, Reason and Decency, which upon other Occasions have some Power over me, are here entirely useless. The Gospel is a Language I do not understand, when it opposes my Passion. Those Oaths which I have taken before the holy Altar, are feeble Helps when opposed to you. I hear and I obey nothing but the secret Dictates of a desperate Passion. Void of all Relish for Virtue, any Concern for my Condition, or any Application to my Studies, I am continually present by my Imagination where I ought not to be, and I find I have no Power, when I would at any time correct it. I feel a perpetual Strife between my Inclination and my Duty. I find my self entirely a distracted Lover; unquiet in the midst of Silence, and restless in this abode of Peace and Repose. How shameful is such a Condition!

CONSIDER me no more, I intreat you, as a Founder, or any great Personage; your Encomiums do but ill agree with such multiply'd Weaknesses. I am a miserable Sinner, prostrate before my Judge, and with my Face pressed to the Earth, I mix my Tears and Sighs in the Dust, when the Beams of Grace and Reason enlighten me. Come, see me in this Posture, and solicite me to love you? Come, if you think fit, and in your holy Habit thrust your self between God and me, and be a Wall of Separation. Come, and

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force from me thoſe Sighs, Thoughts, and Vows, which I owe to him only. Aſſiſt the evil Spirits, and be the Inſtrument of their Malice. What cannot you induce a Heart to, whoſe Weakneſs you ſo perfectly know? But rather withdraw your ſelf, and cantribute to my Salvation. Suffer me to avoid Deſtruction, I intreat you, by our former tendereſt Affection, and by our now common Misfortunes. It will always be the higheſt Love to ſhew none: I here releaſe you of all your Oaths, and Engagements. Be God's wholly, to whom you are appropriated; I will never oppoſe ſo pious a Deſign. How happy ſhall I be if I thus loſe you; then ſhall I be indeed a Religious, and you a perfect Example of an Abbeſs.

MAKE your ſelf amends by ſo glorious a Choice; make your Virtue a Spectacle worthy of Men and Angels: Be humble among your Children, aſſiduous in your Choir, exact in your Diſcipline, diligent in your Reading; make even your Recreations uſeful. Have you purchaſed your Vocation at ſo ſlight a Rate, as that you ſhould turn it to the beſt Advantage? Since you have permitted your ſelf to be abuſed by falſe Doctrine and criminal Inſtructions, reſiſt thoſe good Counſels which Grace and Religion inſpire me with. I will confeſs to you, I have thought my ſelf hitherto an abler Maſter to inſtil Vice, than to excite Virtue. My falſe Eloquence has only ſet off falſe Goods. My Heart, drunk with Voluptuouſneſs, could only ſuggeſt Terms proper and moving to recommend that. The Cup of Sinners overflows with ſo enchanting a Sweetneſs, and we are naturally ſo much inclined to taſte it, that it needs only be offer'd to us. On the other Hand the Chalice of Saints is fill'd with a bitter Draught, and Nature ſtarts from it. And yet you reproach me with Cowardice for giving it you firſt; I willingly ſubmit to theſe Accuſations. I cannot enough admire the Readineſs you ſhewed to take the Religious Habit: Bear therefore with Courage the Croſs which you have taken up ſo reſolutely. Drink of the Chalice of Saints, even to the Bottom without turning your Eyes with uncertainty upon me: Let me remove

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move far from you, and obey the Apoſtle who hath ſaid *fly*.

You intreat me to return, under a Pretence of Devotion. Your Earneſtneſs in this Point creates a Suſpicion in me, and makes me doubtful how to anſwer you. Should I commit an Error here, my Words would bluſh, if I may ſay ſo, after the Hiſtory of my Misfortunes. The Church is jealous of its Glory, and commands that her Children ſhould be induced to the Practice of Virtue by virtuous Means. When we have approach'd God after an unblameable Manner, we may then invite others to him. But to forget *Heloiſe*, to ſee her no more, is what Heaven demands of *Abelard*; and to expect nothing from *Abelard*, to loſe him even in Idea, is what Heaven enjoins *Heloiſe*. To forget, in the caſe of Love, is the moſt neceſſary Penitence, and the moſt difficult. It is eaſy to recount our Faults; how many thro' Indiſcretion, have made themſelves a ſecond Pleaſure of this, inſtead of confeſſing them with Humility. The only way to return to God, is by neglecting the Creature which we have adored, and adoring God whom we have neglected. This may appear harſh, but it muſt be done if we would be ſaved.

To make it more eaſy, obſerve why I preſſed you to your Vow before I took mine; and pardon my Sincerity, and Deſign I have of meriting your Neglect and Hatred, If I conceal nothing from you of the Particulars you enquire after. When I ſaw my ſelf ſo oppreſs'd with my Misfortune, and Impotency made me jealous, and I conſider'd all Men as my Rivals. LOVE has more of Diſtruſt than Aſſurance. I was apprehenſive of abundance of Defects; and being tormented with Fear from my own Example, I imagined your Heart which had been ſo much accuſtomed to Love, would not be long without entering into an new Engagement. Jealouſie can eaſily believe the moſt dreadful Conſequences. I was deſirous to put my ſelf out of a Poſſibility of doubting of you. I was very urgent to perſwade you that Decency required you ſhould withdraw from the envious Eyes

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Eyes of the World; that Modeſty, and our Friendſhip, demanded it; nay, that your own Safety obliged you to it; and that after ſuch a Revenge taken upon me, you could expect to be ſure no where but in a Convent.

I will do you Juſtice, you were very eaſily perſwaded to it. My Jealouſie ſecretly triumphed over your innocent Compliance; and yet triumphant as I was, I yielded you up to God with an unwilling Heart. I ſtill kept my Gift as much as was poſſible, and only parted with it that I might effectually put it out of the Power of Men. I did not perſwade you to Religion out of any Regard to your Happineſs, but condemn you to it, like an Enemy who deſtroys what he cannot carry off. And yet you heard my Diſcourſes with Kindneſs, you ſometimes interrupted me with Tears, and preſſed me to acquaint you which of the Convents was moſt in my Eſteem. What a Comfort did I feel in ſeeing you ſhut up! I was now at Eaſe, and took a Satisfaction in conſidering that you did not continue long in the World after my Diſgrace, and that you would return into it no more.

BUT ſtill this was doubtful; I imagined Women were incapable of maintaing any conſtant Reſolutions, unleſs they were forced by the Neceſſity of fixed Vows. I wanted thoſe Vows, and Heaven of it ſelf for your Security, that I might no longer diſtruſt you. Ye holy Manſions, ye impenetrable Retreats, from what numberleſs Apprehenſions have you freed me? Religion and Piety keep a ſtrict Guard round your Grates and high Walls. What a Haven of Reſt is this to a jealous Mind! And with what Impatience did I endeavour after it! I went every Day trembling to exhort you to this Sacrifice; I admir'd, without daring to mention it then, a Brightneſs in your Beauty which I had never obſerved before. Whether it was the Bloom of a riſing Virtue, or an Anticipation of that great Loſs I was going to ſuffer, I was not curious in examining the Cauſe, but only haſtened your being profeſſed. I engaged your Prioreſs in my Guilt by a criminal Bribe, with which I purchaſed the Right of burying

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burying you. The Profeſſed of the Houſe were alike bribed, and concealed from you, by my Directions, all their Scruples and Diſguſts. I omitted nothing either little or great: And if you had eſcaped all my Snares, I my ſelf would not have retired: I was reſolved to follow you every where. This Shadow of my ſelf would always have purſued your Steps, and continually occaſion'd either your Confuſion or Fear, which would have been a ſenſible Gratification to me.

BUT Thanks to Heaven, you reſolved to make a Vow; I accompanied you with Terror to the Foot of the Altar: And while you ſtretched out your Hand to touch the ſacred Cloth, I heard you pronounce diſtinctly thoſe fatal Words which for ever ſeparated you from all Men. 'Till then your Beauty and Youth ſeemed to oppoſe my Deſign, and to threaten your Return into the World. Might not a ſmall Temptation have changed you? Is it poſſible to renounce one's ſelf entirely at the Age of Two and Twenty? At an Age which claims the moſt abſolute Liberty, could you think the World no longer worthy of your Regard? How much did I wrong you, and what Weakneſs did I impute to you? You were in my Imagination nothing but Lightneſs and Inconſtancy. Might not a young Woman at the Noiſe of the Flames, and of the Fall of *Sodom*, look back, and pity ſome one Perſon? I took notice of your Eyes, your Motion, your Air; I trembled at every Thing. You may call ſuch a Self-intereſted Conduct, Treachery, Perfidiouſneſs, Murder. A Love which was ſo like to Hatred, ought to provoke the utmoſt Contempt and Anger.

IT is fit you ſhould know that the very Moment, when I was convinced of your being entirely devoted to me, when I ſaw you were infinitely worthy of all my Love and Acknowledgment; I imagined I could love you no more; I thought it time to leave off giving you any Marks of Affection; and I conſidered that by your holy Eſpouſals you were now the peculiar Care of Heaven. Even in the Quality of a Wife. My Jealouſy ſeem'd to be extinguiſh'd: When God only

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is our Rival, we have nothing to fear; and being in greater Tranquility than ever before, I dared even to offer up Prayers, and beſeech him to take you away from my Eyes; but it was not a Time to make raſh Prayers; and my Faith was too imperfect to let them be heard. He who ſees the Depths and Secrets of all Men's Hearts, ſaw mine did not agree with my Words, Neceſſity and Deſpair were the Springs of this Proceeding. Thus I inadvertently offer'd an Inſult to Heaven, rather than a Sacrifice. God rejected my Offering and my Prayer, and continued my Puniſhment by ſuffering me to continue my Love. Thus under the Guilt of your Vows, and of the Paſſion which preceded them, I muſt be tormented all the Days of my Life.

IF God ſpoke to your Heart, as to that of a Religious, whoſe Innocence had firſt engag'd him to heap on it a thouſand favours, I ſhou'd have matter of Comfort; but to ſee both of us Victims of a criminal Love; to ſee this Love inſult us, and inveſt itſelf with our very Habits, as with Spoils it has taken from our Devotion, fills me with Horror and Trembling. Is this a State of Reprobation? Or are theſe the Conſequences of a long Drunkenneſs in prophane Love? We cannot ſay Love is a Drunkenneſs and a Poiſon, 'till we are illuminated by Grace; in the mean Time it is an Evil which we doat on. When we are under ſuch a Miſtake, the Knowledge of our Miſery is the firſt Step towards Amendment. Who does not know that 'tis for the Glory of God, to find no other Foundation in Man for his Mercy, than Man's very Weakneſs? When he has ſhewed us this Weakneſs, and we bewail it, he is ready to put forth his Omnipotence to aſſiſt us. Let us ſay for our Comfort, that what we ſuffer is one of thoſe long and terrible Temptations which have ſometimes diſturbed the Vocations of the moſt Holy.

GOD can afford his Preſence to Men, in order to ſoften their Calamities, whenever he ſhall think fit. It was his Pleaſure, when you took the Veil, to draw you to him by his Grace. I ſaw your Eyes when you ſpoke

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ſpoke your laſt Farewel, fix'd upon the Croſs. It was about ſix Months before you wrote me a Letter, nor during all that Time did I receive any Meſſage from you. I admired this Silence, which I durſt not blame, and could not imitate: I wrote to you, you returned me no Anſwer: Your Heart was then ſhut; but this Garden of the Spouſe is now open'd, he is withdrawn from it, and has left you alone; By removing from you, he has made Tryal of you; call him back, and ſtrive to regain him. We muſt have the Aſſiſtance of God, that we may break our Chains; we have engaged too deeply in Love, to free our ſelves. Our Follies have penetrated even into the moſt ſacred Places. Our Amours have been matter of Scandal to a whole Kingdom. They are read and admired; Love which produced them, has cauſed them to be deſcribed. We ſhall be a Conſolation for the Failings of Youth hereafter. Thoſe who offend after us, will think themſelves leſs Guilty. We are Criminals whoſe Repentance is late, O may it be ſincere! Let us repair as far as is poſſible, the Evils we have done; and let *France*, which has been the Witneſs of our Crimes, be aſtoniſhed at our Penitence. Let us confound all who would imitate our Guilt; let us take the Part of God againſt our ſelves, and by ſo doing prevent his Judgment. Our former Irregularities require Tears, Shame and Sorrow to expiate them. Let us offer up theſe Sacrifices from our Hearts; let us bluſh, let us weep. If in theſe weak Beginnings, Lord, our Heart is not entirely thine, let it at leaſt be made ſenſible that it ought to be ſo!

DELIVER your ſelf, *Heloiſe*, from the ſhameful Remains of a Paſſion which has taken too deep Root: Remember that the laſt Thought for any other than God is an Adultery. If you could ſee me here with my meagre Face, and melancholy Air, ſurrounded with numbers of perſecuting Monks, who are alarmed at my Reputation for Learning, and offended at my lean Viſage, as if I threaten'd them with a Reformation; what would you ſay of my baſe Sighs, and of thoſe unprofitable Tears, which deceive theſe credulous Men. Alas!

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Alas! I am humbled under Love, and not under the Croſs. Pity me, and free your ſelf. If your Vocation be, as you ſay, my Work, deprive me not of the Merit of it by your continual Inquietudes. Tell me that you will honour the Habit which covers you, by an inward Retirement. Fear God that you may be delivered from your Frailties. Love him, if you would advance in Virtue. Be not uneaſie in the Cloiſter, for it is the Dwelling of Saints. Embrace your Bands, they are the Chains of Chriſt Jeſus; He will lighten them, and bear them with you, if you bear them with Humility.

WITHOUT growing ſevere to a Paſſion which yet poſſeſſes you, learn from your own Miſery to ſuccour your weak Siſters; pity them upon conſideration of your own Faults. And if any Thoughts too natural ſhould importune you, fly to the Foot of the Croſs, and beg for Mercy: There are wounds open; lament before the dying Deity. At the Head of a Religious Society be not a Slave, and having Rule over Queens, begin to govern your ſelf. Bluſh at the leaſt Revolt of your Senſes. Remember that even at the Foot of the Altar we often ſacrifice to lying Spirits, and that no Incenſe can be more agreeable to them than that which in thoſe holy places burns in the Heart of a Religious ſtill ſenſible of Paſſion and Love. If during your Abode in the World, your Soul has acquired a Habit of loving, feel it now no more but for Jeſus Chriſt. Repent of all the Moments of your Life which you have waſted upon the World, and upon Pleaſure; demand them of me, tis a Robbery which I am guilty of; take Courage, and boldly reproach me with it.

I have been indeed your Maſter, but it was only to teach you Sin. You call me your Father; before I had any Claim to this Title, I deſerved that of Parricide. I am your Brother, but 'tis the Affinity of our CRIMES that has purchaſed me that Diſtinction. I am called your Husband, but it is after a publick Scandal. If you have abuſed the Sanctity of ſo many venerable Names in the Superſcription of your Letter,

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to do me Honour, and flatter your own Paſſion, blot them out, and place in their ſtead thoſe of a Murderer, a Villain, an Enemy who has conſpired againſt your Honour, troubled your Quiet, and betray'd your Innocence. You would have periſh'd thro' my Means, but for an extraordinary Act of Grace, which, that you might be ſaved, has thrown me down in the middle of my Courſe.

THIS is the Idea you ought to have of a Fugitive, who endeavours to deprive you of the Hope of ſeeing him any more. But when Love has once been ſincere, how difficult is it to determine to love no more? 'Tis a thouſand times more eaſy to renounce the World than Love. I hate this deceitful faithleſs World; I think no more of it; but my Heart ſtill wandering, will eternally make me feel the Anguiſh of having loſt you, in ſpite of all the Convictions of my Underſtanding. In the mean time, tho' I ſhould be ſo cowardly as to retract what you have read, do not ſuffer me to offer my ſelf to your Thoughts, but under this laſt Notion. Remember my laſt Endeavours were to ſeduce your Heart. You periſhed by my Means, and I with you. The ſame Waves ſwallowed us both up. We waited for Death with Indifference, and the ſame Death had carry'd us headlong to the ſame Puniſhments. But providence has turned off this Blow, and our Shipwreck has thrown us into a Haven. There are ſome whom the Mercy of God ſaves by Afflictions. Let my Salvation be the Fruit of your Prayers! let me owe it to your Tears or exemplary Holineſs! Tho' my Heart, Lord! be filled with the Love of one of thy Creatures, thy Hand can when it pleaſes draw out of it thoſe Ideas which fills its whole Capacity. To love *Heloiſe* truly, is to leave her entirely to that Quiet which Retirement and Virtue afford. I have reſolved it; this Letter ſhall be my laſt Fault. Adieu.

IF I die here, I will give Orders that my Body be carried to the Houſe of the *Paraclete*. You ſhall ſee me in that Condition; not to demand Tears from you,

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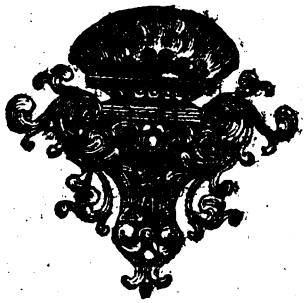
'twill then be too late; Weep rather for me now, to extinguish that Fire which burns me. You shall see me to strengthen your Piety by the Horror of this Carcass, and my Death then more eloquent than I can be, will tell you what you love, when you love a Man. I hope you will be contented, when you have finished this mortal Life to be buried near me. Your cold Ashes need then fear nothing, and my Tomb will by that Means be more Rich and more Renowned.



LETTER

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LETTER IV.

HELOISE *to* ABELARD.

In the following Letter the Passion of HELOISE *breaks out with more Violence than ever. That which she had receiv'd from* ABELARD, *instead of fortifying her Resolutions, serv'd only to revive in her Memory all their past Endearments and Misfortunes. With this Impression, she writes again to her Husband; and appears now, not so much in the Character of a Religious, striving with the Remains of her former Weakness, as in that of an unhappy Woman, abandon'd to all the Transports of Love and Despair.*

To ABELARD *her Well-beloved in* Christ Jesus, *from* HELOISE *his Well-beloved in the same* Christ Jesus.

I READ the LETTER I received from you with abundance of Impatience: In spite of all my Misfortunes, I hoped to find nothing in it besides Arguments of Comfort. But how ingenious are Lovers in tormenting themselves! Judge of the exquisite Sensibility and Force of my Love, by that which causes the Grief of my Soul. I was disturb'd at the Superscription of your LETTER; Why did you place the Name of *Heloise* before that of *Abelard*? What means this cruel and unjust Distinction? 'Twas

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your Name only, the Name of a Father and of a Husband, which my eager Eyes ſought after. I did not look for my own, which I had much rather, if poſſible, forget, as being the Cauſe of your Misfortune. The Rules of Decorum, and the Character of Maſter and Director, which you have over me, oppoſed that ceremonious Manner of addreſſing me; and Love commanded you to baniſh it: Alas! you know all this but too well.

DID you write thus to me before cruel Fortune had ruined my Happineſs? I ſee your Heart has deſerted me, and you have made greater Advances in the way of Devotion than I could wiſh. Alas! I am too weak to follow you! condeſcend at leaſt to ſtay for me, and animate me with your Advice. Will you have the Cruelty to abandon me? The Fear of this ſtabs my Heart: But the fearful Preſages you make at the latter end of your Letter, thoſe terrible Images you draw of your Death, quite diſtract me. Cruel *Abelard*! you ought to have ſtopp'd my Tears, and you make them flow. You ought to have quieted the Diſorder of my Heart, and you throw me into Deſpair.

YOU deſire that after your Death, I ſhould take care of your Aſhes, and pay them the laſt Duties. Alas! in what Temper did you conceive theſe mournful Ideas? And how could you deſcribe them to me? Did not the Apprehenſion of cauſing my preſent Death make the Pen drop from your Hand? You did not reflect, I ſuppoſe, upon all thoſe Torments to which you were going to deliver me. HEAVEN, as ſevere as it has been againſt me, is not in ſo great a Degree ſo, as to permit me to live one Moment after you. Life without my *Abelard*, is an inſupportable Puniſhment, and Death a moſt exquiſite Happineſs, if by that Means I can be united with him. If Heaven hears the Prayers I continually make for you, your Days will be prolonged, and you will bury me.

Is it not your Part to prepare me by your powerful Exhortations againſt that great Criſis, which ſhakes the moſt reſolute and confirmed Minds? Is it not your Part

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Part to receive my last Sighs, take care of my Funerals, and give an Account of my Manners and Faith? Who but you can recommend us worthily to God, and by the Fervor and Merit of your Prayers, conduct those Souls to him which you have joined to his Worship by solemn Contracts? We expect these pious Offices from your paternal Charity. After this you will be free from those Disquietudes which now molest you, and you will quit Life with more Ease whenever it shall please God to call you away. You may follow us content with what you have done, and in a full Assurance of our Happiness. But 'till then write not to me any such terrible Things: Are we not sufficiently miserable? Must we aggravate our Sorrows? Our Life here is but a languishing Death; will you hasten it? Our present Disgraces are sufficient to employ our Thoughts continually, and shall we seek for new Arguments of Grief in Futurities? How void of Reason are Men, said *Seneca*, to make distant Evils present by Reflection, and to take Pains before Death to lose all the Comforts of Life?

WHEN you have finished your Course here below, you say it is your Desire that your Body be carried to the House of the *Paraclete*; to the intent being always exposed to my Eyes, you may be for ever present to my Mind; and that your dead Body may strengthen our Piety and animate our Prayers. Can you think that the Traces you have drawn in my Heart can ever be worn out; or that any Length of Time can obliterate the Memory we have here of your Benefits? And what time shall I find for those Prayers you speak of? alas, I shall then be filled with other Cares. Can so heavy a Misfortune leave me a Moment's Quiet? Can my feeble Reason resist such powerful Assaults? When I am distracted and raving, (if I dare say it) even against Heaven itself, I shall not soften it by my Prayers, but rather provoke it by my Cries and Reproaches! But how should I pray? Or how bear up against my Grief? I should be more urgent to follow you, than to pay you the sad Ceremonies of Burial. It is for you, for *Abelard*, that I have resolved to

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live; if you are raviſhed from me, what uſe can I make of my miſerable Days? Alas! What Lamentations ſhould I make, if Heaven by a cruel pity ſhould preſerve me till that Moment? When I but think of this laſt Separation, I feel all the Pangs of Death; what ſhall be then, if I ſhould ſee this dreadful Hour? Forbear therefore to infuſe into my Mind ſuch mournful Thoughts, if not for Love, at leaſt for Pity.

YOU deſire me to give my ſelf up to my Duty, and be wholly God's, to whom I am conſecrated. How can I do that, when you frighten me with Apprehenſions that continually poſſeſs my Mind Day and Night; When an Evil threatens us, and it is impoſſible to ward it off, why do we give up our ſelves to the unprofitable Fear of it, which is yet even more tormenting than the Evil it ſelf?

WHAT have I to hope for after the Loſs of you? What can confine me to Earth, when Death ſhall have taken away from me all that was dear upon it? I have renounced without Difficulty all the Charms of Life, preſerving only my Love and the ſecret Pleaſure of thinking inceſſantly of you, and hearing that you live. And yet, alas! you do not live for me, and I dare not even flatter my ſelf with the Hopes that I ſhall ever enjoy a Sight of you more! This is the greateſt of my Afflictions: Mercileſs Fortune! Haſt thou not perſecuted me enough? Thou doſt give me no Reſpite; thou haſt exhauſted all thy Vengeance upon me, and reſerved thy ſelf nothing whereby thou may'ſt appear terrible to others. Thou haſt wearied thy ſelf in tormenting me, and others have nothing now to fear from thy Anger. But to what Purpoſe doſt thou ſtill arm thy ſelf againſt me? The Wounds I have already received leave no Room for new ones; why cannot I urge thee to kill me? Or doſt thou fear, amidſt the numerous Torments thou heapeſt on me, doſt thou fear that ſuch a Stroke would deliver me from all? Therefore thou preſerveſt me from Death, in order to make me die every Moment.

DEAR

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DEAR *Abelard*, pity my Deſpair! Was ever any thing ſo miſerable! The higher you rais'd me above other Women who envied me your Love, the more ſenſible am I now of the Loſs of your Heart. I was exalted to the Top of Happineſs, only that I might have a more terrible Fall. Nothing cou'd formerly be compared to my Pleaſures, and nothing now can equal my Miſery. My Glory once raiſed the Envy of my Rivals; my preſent Wretchedneſs moves the Compaſſion of all that ſee me. My Fortune has been always in Extremes, ſhe has heaped on me her moſt delightful Favours, that ſhe might load me with the greateſt of her Afflictions. Ingenious in tormenting me, ſhe has made the Memory of the Joys I have loſt, an inexhauſtible Spring of my Tears. Love, which I poſſeſt was her greateſt Gift, being taken away, occaſions all my Sorrow. In ſhort, her Malice has entirely ſucceeded, and I find my preſent Afflictions proportionably bitter as the Tranſports which charmed me were ſweet.

BUT what aggravates my Sufferings yet more, is, that we began to be miſerable at a Time when we ſeemed the leaſt to deſerve it. While we gave our ſelves up to the Enjoyment of a criminal Love, nothing oppoſed our vicious Pleaſures. But ſcarce had we retrenched what was unlawful in our Paſſion, and taken Refuge in Marriage againſt that Remorſe which might have purſu'd us, but the whole Wrath of Heaven fell on us in all its Weight. But how barbarous was your Puniſhment? The very Remembrance makes me ſhake with Horror. Could an outragious Husband make a Villain ſuffer more that had diſhonoured his Bed? Ah! what Right had a cruel Uncle over us? We were joined to each other even before the Altar, which ſhould have protected you from the Rage of your Enemies. Muſt a Wife draw on you that Puniſhment which ought not to fall on any but an adulterous Lover? Beſides we were ſeparated; you were buſy in your Exerciſes, and inſtructed a learned Auditory in Myſteries which the greateſt Genius's before you were not able to penetrate; and I, in Obedience to you, retired to a Cloiſter. I there ſpent whole Days in thinking

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thinking of you, and ſometimes meditating on holy Leſſons, to which I endeavour'd to apply my ſelf. In this very Juncture you became the Victim of the moſt unhappy Love. You alone expiated the Crime common to us both: You only were puniſhed, tho' both of us were guilty. You who were leaſt ſo, was the Object of the whole Vengeance of a barbarous Man. But why ſhould I rave at your Aſſaſſins? I, wretched I, have ruined you, I have been the Original of all your Misfortunes! Good Heaven! Why was I born to be the occaſion of ſo tragical an Accident? How dangerous is it for a great Man to ſuffer himſelf to be moved by our Sex! He ought from his Infancy to be inured to Inſenſibility of Heart, againſt all our Charms. *Hearken my Son* (ſaid formerly the wiſeſt of Men) *attend and keep my Inſtructions; if a beautiful Woman by her Looks endeavour to entice thee, permit not thy ſelf to be overcome by a corrupt Inclination; reject the Poiſon ſhe offers, and follow not the Paths which ſhe directs. Her Houſe is the Gate of Deſtruction and Death.* I have long examined Things, and have found that Death it ſelf is a leſs dangerous Evil than Beauty. 'Tis the Shipwreck of Liberty, a fatal Snare, from which it is impoſſible ever to get free. 'Twas Woman which threw down the firſt Man from that glorious Condition in which Heaven had placed him. She who was created in order to partake of his Happineſs, was the ſole Cauſe of his Ruin. How bright had been thy Glory, *Sampſon*, if thy Heart had been as firm againſt the Charms of *Dalilah*, as againſt the Weapons of the *Philiſtines!* A Woman diſarmed and betrayed thee, who haſt been a glorious Conqueror of Armies. Thou ſaw'ſt thy ſelf delivered into the Hands of thy Enemies; thou waſt deprived of thy Eyes, thoſe Inlets of Love into thy Soul: Diſtracted and deſpairing didſt thou die, without any Conſolation but that of involving thy Enemies in thy Deſtruction. *Solomon*, that he might pleaſe Women, forſook the Care of pleaſing God. That King, whoſe Wiſdom Princes came from all Parts to admire, he whom God had choſen to build him a Temple, abandon'd the Worſhip of thoſe very

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very Altars he had defended, and proceeded to ſuch a pitch of Folly as even to burn Incenſe to Idols. *Job* had no Enemy more cruel than his Wife; What Temptations did he not bear? The evil Spirit who had declared himſelf his perſecutor employed a Woman as an Inſtrument to ſhake his Conſtancy. And the ſame evil Spirit made *Heloiſe* an Inſtrument to ruin *Abelard!* All the poor Comfort I have, is, that I am not the voluntary Cauſe of your Misfortunes. I have not betray'd you; but my Conſtancy and Love have been deſtructive to you. If I have committed a Crime in having lov'd you with Conſtancy. I ſhall never be able to repent of that Crime. Indeed I gave my ſelf up too much to the Captivity of thoſe ſoft Errors into which my riſing Paſſion ſeduced me. I have endeavour'd to pleaſe you, even at the Expence of my Virtue, and therefore deſerve thoſe Pains I feel. My guilty Tranſports cou'd not but have a tragical End. As ſoon as I was perſwaded of your Love, alas, I ſcarce delay'd a Moment reſigning my ſelf to all your Proteſtations: To be belov'd by *Abelard*, was in my Eſteem too much Glory, and I too impatiently deſir'd it, not to believe it immediately. I endeavour'd at nothing but convincing you of my utmoſt Paſſion. I made no Uſe of thoſe Defences of Diſdain and Honour; thoſe Enemies of Pleaſure which tyrannize over our Sex, made in me but a weak and unprofitable Reſiſtance. I ſacrific'd all to my Love, and I forc'd my Duty to give Place to the Ambition of making happy the moſt gallant and learned Perſon of the Age. If any Conſideration had been able to ſtop me, it would have been without doubt the Intereſt of my Love. I fear'd leſt having nothing further for you to deſire, your Paſſion might become languid, and you might ſeek for new Pleaſures in ſome new Conqueſt. But it was eaſy for you to cure me of a Suſpicion ſo appoſite to my own Inclination. I ought to have foreſeen other more certain Evils: and to have conſider'd that the Idea of loſt Enjoyments wou'd be the Trouble of my whole Life.

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How happy ſhould I be, could I waſh out with my Tears the Memory of thoſe Pleaſures, which yet I think of with Delight; At leaſt I will exert ſome generous Endeavour, and by ſmothering her in my Heart thoſe Deſires to which the Frailty of my Nature may give Birth, I will exerciſe Torments upon my ſelf, like thoſe the Rage of your Enemies has made you ſuffer. I will endeavour by that means to ſatisfie you at leaſt, if I cannot appeaſe an angry God. For to ſhew you what a deplorable Condition I am in, and how far my Repentance is from being available, I dare even accuſe Heaven every Moment of Cruelty, for delivering you into thoſe Snares which were prepared for you. My Repinings kindle the divine Wrath, when I ſhou'd endeavour to draw down Mercy.

"In order to expiate a Crime, 'tis not ſufficient that we bear the Puniſhment; whatever we ſuffer is accounted as nothing, if the Paſſions ſtill continue, and the Heart is enflam'd with the ſame Deſires. 'Tis an eaſy Matter to confeſs a Weakneſs, and to inflict ſome Puniſhment upon our ſelves; but 'tis the laſt Violence to our Nature to extinguiſh the Memory of Pleaſures, which by a ſweet Habit, have gain'd abſolute Poſſeſſion of our Minds. How many Perſons do we obſerve who make an outward Confeſſion of their Faults, yet far from being afflicted for them, take a new Pleaſure in the relating them. Bitterneſs of Heart ought to accompany the Confeſſion of the Mouth, yet that very rarely happens. I, who have experienced ſo many Pleaſures in loving you, feel, in ſpite of my ſelf, that I cannot repent of them, nor forbear enjoying them over again as much as is poſſible, by recollecting them in my Memory. Whatever Endeavours I uſe, on whatever Side I turn me, the ſweet Idea ſtill purſues me, and every Object brings to my Mind what I ought to forget. During the ſtill Night, when my Heart ought to be quiet in the midſt of Sleep, which ſuſpends the greateſt Diſturbances, I cannot avoid thoſe Illuſions my Heart entertains. I think I am ſtill with my dear *Abelard*. I ſee him, I ſpeak to him, and hear him anſwer. Charmed with each other, we quit our philoſophic

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philoſophic Studies to entertain our ſelves with our Paſſion. Sometimes too I ſeem to be a Witneſs of the bloody Enterprize of your Enemies: I oppoſe their Fury, I fill our Apartment with fearful Cries, and in the Moment I awake in Tears. Even into holy Places before the Altar, I carry with me the Memory of our guilty Loves. They are my whole Buſineſs, and far from lamenting for having been ſeduced, I ſigh for having loſt them.

I remember (for nothing is forgot by Lovers) the Time and Place in which you firſt declared your Love to me, and ſwore you would love me till Death. Your Words, your Oaths, are all deeply graven in my Heart: The Diſorder of my Diſcourſe diſcovers to every one the Trouble of my Mind. My Sighs betray me; and your Name is continually in my Mouth. When I am in this Condition, why doſt not thou, O Lord! pity my Weakneſs, and ſtrengthen me by thy Grace? You are happy, *Abelard*, this Grace has prevented you; and your Misfortune has been the Occaſion of your finding Reſt. The Puniſhment of your Body, has cured the deadly Wounds of your Soul. The Tempeſt has driven you into the Haven. God, who ſeemed to lay his Hand heavily upon you, ſought only to help you: He is a Father chaſtizing, and not an Enemy revenging; a wiſe Phyſician, putting you to ſome Pain in order to preſerve your Life. I am a thouſand times more to be lamented than you; I have a thouſand Paſſions to combat with. I muſt reſiſt thoſe Fires which Love kindles in a young Heart. Our Sex is nothing but Weakneſs, and I have the greater Difficulty to defend my ſelf, becauſe the Enemy that attacks me pleaſes me; I doat on the Danger which threatens me, how then can I avoid falling?

In the midſt of theſe Struggles, I endeavoured at leaſt to conceal my Weakneſs from thoſe you have entruſted to my Care. All who are about me admire my Virtue, but could their Eyes penetrate into my Heart, what would they not diſcover? My Paſſions there are in a Rebellion; I preſide over others, but cannot rule my ſelf. I have but a falſe Covering, and this ſeeming

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ing Virtue is a real Vice. Men judged me praiſe-worthy, but I am guilty before God, from whoſe All-ſeeing Eye nothing is hid, and who views through all their Foldings, the Secrets of all Hearts. I cannot eſcape his Diſcovery. And yet it is a great deal to me to maintain even this Appearance of Virtue. This troubleſome Hypocriſie is in ſome Sort commendable. I give no Scandal to the World, which is ſo eaſy to take bad Impreſſions. I do not ſhake the Virtue of theſe feeble Ones who are under my Conduct. With my Heart full of the Love of Man, I exhort them at leaſt to love only God: Charmed with the Pomp of worldly Pleaſures, I endeavour to ſhew them that they are all Deceit and Vanity. I have juſt Strength enough to conceal from them my Inclinations, and I look upon that as a powerful Effect of Grace. If it is not ſufficient to make me embrace Virtue, 'tis enough to keep me from committing Sin.

AND yet it is in vain to endeavour to ſeparate theſe two Things. They muſt be guilty who merit nothing; and they depart from Virtue who delay to approach it. Beſides, we ought to have no other Motive than the Love of God; alas! what can I then hope for; I own, to my Confuſion, I fear more the offending a Man, than the provoking God, and ſtudy leſs to pleaſe him than you. Yes, 'twas your Command only, and not a ſincere Vocation, as is imagined, that ſhut me up in theſe Cloiſters. I ſought to give you Eaſe, and not to ſanctify my ſelf. How unhappy am I? I tear my ſelf from all that pleaſes me; I bury my ſelf here alive, I exerciſe my ſelf in the moſt rigid Faſtings, and ſuch Severities as cruel Laws impoſe upon us; I feed my ſelf with Tears and Sorrows; and notwithſtanding this I deſerve nothing for all the Hardſhips I ſuffer. My falſe Piety has long deceived you as well as others; you have thought me eaſy, yet I was more diſturbed than ever. You perſwaded your ſelf I was wholly taken up with my Duty, yet I had no Buſineſs but Love. Under this Miſtake, you deſire my Prayers; alas! I muſt expect yours. Do not preſume upon my Virtue and my Care. I am wavering, and you muſt fix

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fix me by your Advice. I am yet feeble, you muſt ſuſtain and guide me by your Counſel.

WHAT Occaſion had you to praiſe me? Praiſe is often hurtful to thoſe on whom it is beſtowed. A ſecret Vanity ſprings up in the Heart, blinds us, and conceals from us Wounds that are ill cured. A Seducer flatters us, and at the ſame Time aims at our Deſtruction. A ſincere Friend diſguiſes nothing from us, and far from paſſing a light Hand over the Wound, makes us feel it the more intenſly, by applying Remedies. Why do you not deal after this Manner with me? Will you be eſteemed a baſe dangerous Flatterer; or if you chance to ſee any thing commendable in me, have you no fear that Vanity, which is ſo natural to all Women, ſhould quite efface it? But let us not judge of Virtue by outward Appearances for then the Reprobate as well as the Elect may lay Claim to it. An artful Impoſtor may by his Addreſs gain more Admiration, than the true Zeal of a Saint.

THE Heart of a Man is a Labyrinth, whoſe Windings are very difficult to be diſcovered. The Praiſes you give me are the more dangerous, in regard that I love the Perſon who gives them. The more I deſire to pleaſe you, the readier am I to believe all the Merit you attribute to me. Ah, think rather how to ſupport my Weakneſſes by wholſome Remonſtrances! Be rather fearful than confident of my Salvation; ſay our Virtue is founded upon Weakneſs, and that thoſe only will be crowned who have fought with the greateſt Difficulties: But I ſeek not for that Crown which is the Reward of Victory, I am content to avoid only the Danger. It is eaſier to keep off, than to win a Battle. There are ſeveral Degrees in Glory, and I am not ambitious of the higheſt; thoſe I leave to Souls of great Courage, who have been often Victorious. I ſeek not to conquer, our of Fear leſt I ſhould be overcome. Happy enough, if I can eſcape Shipwreck, and at laſt gain the Port. Heaven commands me to renounce that fatal Paſſion which unites me to you; but oh! my Heart will never be able to conſent to it. Adieu.

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LETTER V.

HELOISE *to* ABELARD.

HELOISE *had been dangerously ill at the Convent of the* Paraclete: *Immediately upon her Recovery, she wrote this Letter to* ABELARD. *She seems now to have disingaged her self from him, and to have resolved to think of nothing but Repentance; yet discovers some Emotions which make it doubtful, whether Devotion had entirely triumphed over her Passion.*

EAR *Abelard*, you expect perhaps that I should accuse you of Negligence. You have not answered my last LETTER, and Thanks to Heaven, in the Condition I now am, 'tis a Happiness to me that you shew so much Insensibility for the fatal Passion which had engaged me to you; at last *Abelard*, you have lost *Heloise* for ever: Notwithstanding all the Oaths I made to think of nothing but you only, and to be entertain'd with nothing but you, I have banished you from my Thoughts, I have forgot you. Thou charming Idea of a Lover I once adored, thou wilt no more be my Happiness! Dear Image of *ABELARD!* thou wilt no more follow me every where, I will no more remember thee. O celebrated Merit of a Man, who in spight of his Enemies, as the Wonder of his AGE! O enchanting Pleasures to which *HELOISE* entirely resign'd her self, you, you have been my Tormentors. I confess, *ABELARD*, without a Blush, my In-

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fidelity: Let my Inconſtancy teach the World that there is no depending upon the Promiſes of Women; they are all ſubject to Change. This troubles you, *Abelard*; this News without doubt ſurpriſes you; you could never imagine *Heloiſe* ſhould be inconſtant. She was prejudiced by ſo ſtrong an Inclination to you, that you cannot conceive how Time could alter it. But be undeceived, I am going to diſcover to you my Falſeneſs, tho' inſtead of reproaching me, I perſuade my ſelf you will ſhed Tears of Joy. When I ſhall have told you what Rival hath raviſhed my Heart from you, you will praiſe my inconſtancy, and will pray this Rival to fix it: By this you may judge that 'tis God alone that takes *Heloiſe* from you. Yes, my Dear *Abelard*, he gives my Mind that Tranquility which a quick Remembrance of our Misfortunes wou'd not ſuffer me to enjoy. Juſt Heaven! What other Rival could take me from you? Could you imagine it poſſible for any Mortal to blot you from my Heart? Could you think me guilty of ſacrificing the virtuous and learned *Abelard* to any other but to God? No, I believe you have done me Juſtice in this Point. I queſtion not but you are impatient to know what Means God uſed to accompliſh ſo great an End; I will tell you, and wonder at the ſecret Ways of Providence. Some few Days after you ſent me your laſt Letter I fell dangerouſly Ill, the Phyſicians gave me over; and I expected certain Death. Then it was, that my Paſſion, which always before ſeemed innocent, appeared criminal to me. My Memory repreſented faithfully to me all the paſt Actions of my Life, and I confeſs to you, my Love was the only Pain I felt. Death, which till then I had always conſider'd as at a Diſtance, now preſented it ſelf to me ſuch as it appears to Sinners. I began to dread the Wrath of God, now I was going to experience it; and I repented I had made no better Uſe of his Grace. Thoſe tender Letters I have wrote to you, and thoſe paſſionate Converſations I have had with you, gave me as much Pain now, as they formerly did Pleaſure. Ah miſerable *Heloiſe*, ſaid I, if it is a Crime to give one's

ſelf

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ſelf up to ſuch ſoft Tranſports; and if after this Life is ended, Puniſhment certainly follows them, why didſt thou not reſiſt ſo dangerous an Inclination? Think on the Tortures that are prepared for thee, conſider with Terror that Store of Torments, and recollect at the ſame Time thoſe Pleaſures which thy deluded Soul thought ſo entrancing. Ah, purſu'd I, doſt thou not almoſt deſpair for having rioted in ſuch falſe Pleaſures? In ſhort, *Abelard*, imagine all the Remorſe of Mind I ſuffer'd, and you will not be aſtoniſhed at my Change.

SOLITUDE is inſupportable to a Mind which is not eaſy, its Troubles increaſe in the midſt of Silence, and Retirement heightens them. Since I have been ſhut up within theſe Walls, I have done nothing but weep for our Misfortunes. This Cloiſter has reſounded with my Cries, and like a Wretch condemn'd to eternal Slavery, I have worn out my Days in Grief and Sighing. Inſtead of fulfilling God's merciful Deſign upon me, I have offended him; I have looked upon this ſacred Refuge, like a frightful Priſon, and have born with Unwillingneſs the Yoke of the Lord. Inſtead of ſanctifying my ſelf by a Life of Penitence, I have confirmed my Reprobation. What a fatal wandering! But, *Abelard*, I have torn off the Bandage which blinded me, and if I dare rely upon the Emotions which I have felt, I have made my ſelf worthy of your Eſteem. You are no more that amorous *Abelard*, who to gain a private Converſation with me by Night, uſed inceſſantly to contrive new Ways to deceive the Vigilance of our Obſervers. The Misfortune which happened to you after ſo many happy Moments gave you a Horror for Vice, and you inſtantly conſecrated the reſt of your Days to Virtue, and ſeemed to ſubmit to this Neceſſity willingly. I indeed, more tender than you, and more ſenſible of ſoft Pleaſures, bore this Misfortune with extream Impatience; you have heard my Exclamations againſt your Enemies. You have ſeen my whole Reſentment in thoſe Letters I wrote to you. 'Twas this without

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doubt which deprived me of the Eſteem of my *Abelard:* You were alarm'd at my Tranſports, and if you will confeſs the Truth, you perhaps deſpair'd of my Salvation. You could not foreſee that *Heloiſe* would conquer ſo reigning a Paſſion; but you have been miſtaken, *Abelard*; my Weakneſs, when ſupported by Grace, hath not hinder'd me from obtaining a compleat Victory. Reſtore me then to your good Opinion; your own Piety ought to ſolicite you to this.

BUT what ſecret Trouble riſes in my Soul, what unthought of Motion oppoſes the Reſolution I have formed of Sighing no more for *Abelard?* Juſt Heaven! Have I not yet triumphed over my Love? Unhappy *Heloiſe!* as long as thou draweſt Breath, it is decreed thou muſt love *Abelard*; weep, unfortunate Wretch that thou art, thou never hadſt a more juſt Occaſion. Now I ought to die with Grief; Grace had overtaken me, and I had promiſed to be faithful to it, but now I perjure my ſelf, and ſacrifice even Grace to *Abelard.* This ſacrilegious Sacrifice fills up the Meaſure of my Iniquities. After this can I hope God ſhould open to me the Treaſures of his Mercy? Have I not tired out his Forgiveneſs? I began to offend him from the Moment I firſt ſaw *Abelard*; an unhappy Sympathy engaged us both in a criminal Commerce; and God raiſed us up an Enemy to ſeparate us. I lament and hate the Misfortune which hath lighted upon us, and adore the Cauſe. Ah, I ought rather to explain this Accident as the ſecret Ordinance of Heaven, which diſapproved of our Engagement, and apply my ſelf to extirpate my Paſſion. How much better were it entirely to forget the Object of it, than to preſerve the Memory of it, ſo fatal to the Quiet of my Life, and Salvation? Great God! Shall *Abelard* always poſſeſs my Thought, can I never free my ſelf from thoſe Chains which bind me to him? But perhaps I am unreaſonably afraid; Virtue directs all my Motions, and they are all ſubject to Grace. Fear no more, dear *Abelard*, I have no longer any of thoſe Sentiments, which being deſcribed in my Let-

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Letters have occaſioned you ſo much Trouble. I will no more endeavour by the Relation of thoſe Pleaſures our new born Paſſion gave us, to awaken that criminal Fondneſs you may have for me. I free you from all your Oaths; forget the Names of Lover and Husband, but keep always that of Father. I expect no more from you thoſe tender Proteſtations, and thoſe Letters ſo proper to keep up the Commerce of Love. I demand nothing of you but ſpiritual Advice and wholſome Directions. The Path of Holineſs, however Thorny it may be, will yet appear agreeable when I walk in your Steps. You will always find me ready to follow you. I ſhall read with more Pleaſure the Letters in which you ſhall deſcribe to me the Advantages of Virtue, than ever I did thoſe by which you ſo artfully inſtilled the fatal Poiſon of our Paſſion. You cannot now be ſilent, without a Crime. When I was poſſeſt with ſo violent a Love, and preſs'd you ſo earneſtly to write to me, how many Letters did I ſend you before I could obtain one from you? You deny'd me in my Miſery the only Comfort which was left me, becauſe you thought it pernicious. You endeavour'd by Severities to force me to forget you, nor can I blame you; but now you have nothing to fear. A lucky Diſeaſe, which Providence ſeem'd to have chaſtiſed me with for my Sanctification, hath done what all human Efforts, and your Cruelty, in vain attempted. I ſee now the Vanity of that Happineſs which we had ſet our Hearts upon, as if we were never to have loſt it. What Fears, what Uneaſineſs have we been oblig'd to ſuffer!

No, Lord, there is no Pleaſure upon Earth, but that which Virtue gives! The Heart amidſt all worldly Delights feels a Sting, 'tis uneaſie and reſtleſs, till fixed on thee. What have I not ſuffer'd, *Abelard*, while I kept alive in my Retirement thoſe Fires which ruined me in the World? I ſaw with Horror the Walls which ſurround me, the Hours ſeem'd as long as Years. I repented a thouſand Times the having buried my ſelf here. But ſince Grace has open'd my Eyes all the

Scene

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Scene is changed. Solitude looks charming, and the Tranquility which I behold here enters my very Heart. In the Satisfaction of doing my Duty I feel a Pleasure, above all that Riches, Pomp, or Sensuality could afford. My Quiet has indeed cost me dear, I have bought it even at the Price of my Love, I have offer'd a violent Sacrifice, and which seemed above my Power. I have torn you from my Heart, and be not Jealous; God reigns there in your stead, who ought always to have possess'd it entire. Be content with having a Place in my Mind, which you shall never lose; I shall always take a secret Pleasure in thinking of you, and esteem it a Glory to obey those Rules you shall give me.

THIS very Moment I receive a Letter from you; I will read it, and answer it immediately. You shall see by my Exactness in writing to you, that you are always dear to me——You very obligingly reproach me for delaying so long to write you any News; My Illness must excuse that. I omit no Opportunities of giving you Marks of my Remembrance. I thank you for the Uneasiness you say my Silence caused you, and the kind Fears you express concerning my Health. Yours you tell me, is but weakly, and you thought lately you should have dy'd. With what Indifference, cruel Man, do you acquaint me with a Thing so certain to afflict me? I told you in my former Letter how unhappy I should be if you died; and if you loved me, you would moderate the Rigour of your austere Life. I represented to you the Occasion I had for your Advice, and consequently the Reason there was you should take Care of your self. But I will not tire you with the Repetition of the same Things. *You desire us not to forget you in our Prayers.* Ah, dear *Abelard*, you may depend upon the Zeal of this Society, 'tis devoted to you, and you cannot justly charge it with forgetfulness. You are our Father, we your Children: You are our Guide, and we resign our selves with Assurance in your Piety. You Command, we Obey; we faithfully execute what you have prudently directed.

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directed. We impoſe no Penance on our ſelves but what you recommend, leſt we ſhould rather follow an indiſcreet Zeal than ſolid Virtue. In a Word, nothing is thought rightly done, if without *Abelard*'s Approbation. You inform me of one Thing that perplexes me, that you have heard that ſome of our Siſters gave bad Examples, and that there is a general Looſeneſs among them. Ought this to ſeem ſtrange to you, who know how Monaſteries are fill'd now a-days? Do Fathers conſult the Inclinations of their Children when they ſettle them? Are not Intereſt and Policy their only Rules? This is the Reaſon that Monaſteries are often fill'd with thoſe who are a Scandal to them. But I conjure you to tell me what are the Irregularities you have heard of, and to teach me a proper Remedy for them. I have not yet obſerv'd that Looſeneſs you mention; when I have, I will take due Care. I walk my Rounds every Night, and make thoſe I catch Abroad return to their Chambers; for I remember all the Adventures which happen'd in the Monaſteries near *Paris*. You end your Letter with a general deploring of your Unhappineſs, and wiſh for Death as the End of a troubleſome Life. Is it poſſible a Genius ſo great as yours ſhould never get above his paſt Misfortunes? What would the World ſay ſhould they read your Letters as I do? Wou'd they conſider the noble Motive of your Retirement, or not rather think you had ſhut your ſelf up only to lament the Condition to which my Uncle's Revenge had reduc'd you? What would your young Pupils ſay who come ſo far to hear you, and prefer your ſevere Lectures to the Softneſs of a worldly Life, if they ſhould ſee you ſecretly a Slave to your Paſſions, and ſenſible of all thoſe Weakneſſes from which your Rules can ſecure them? This *Abelard* they ſo much admire, this great Perſonage which guides them, would loſe his Fame, and become the Scorn of his Pupils. If theſe Reaſons are not ſufficient to give you Conſtancy in your Misfortunes, caſt your Eyes upon me, and admire my Reſolution of ſhutting my ſelf up by your Example.

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ple. I was young when we were ſeparated, and (if I dare believe what you were always telling me) worthy of any Gentleman's Affections. If I had loved nothing in *Abelard* but ſenſual Pleaſure, a thouſand agreeable young men might have comforted me upon my Loſs of him. You know what I have done, excuſe me therefore from repeating it; think of thoſe Aſſurances I gave you of loving you with the utmoſt Tenderneſs. I dried your Tears with Kiſſes, and becauſe you were leſs powerful I became leſs reſerv'd. Ah, if you had loved with Delicacy, the Oaths I made, the Tranſports I accompany'd them with, the innocent Careſſes I profuſely gave you, all this ſure might have comforted you. Had you obſerv'd me to grow by Degrees indifferent to you, you might have had Reaſon to deſpair, but you never received greater Marks of my Paſſion, than after that cruel Revenge upon you.

LET me ſee no more in your Letters dear *Abelard*, ſuch Murmurs againſt Fortune, you are not the only one ſhe has perſecuted, and you ought to forget her outrages. What a Shame is it for a Philoſopher not to be comforted for an Accident which might happen to any Man. Govern your ſelf by my Example. I was born with violent Paſſions; I daily ſtrive with the moſt tender Emotions, and glory in triumphing and ſubjecting them to Reaſon: Muſt a weak Mind fortify one that is ſo much ſuperior? But whither am I tranſported? Is this Diſcourſe directed to my dear *Abelard*? One that practiſes all thoſe Virtues he teaches? If you complain of Fortune, 'tis not ſo much that you feel her Strokes, as that you cannot ſhew your Enemies how much to blame they were in attempting to hurt you. Leave them, *Abelard*, to exhauſt their Malice, and continue to charm your Auditors. Diſcover thoſe treaſures of Learning Heaven ſeems to have reſerved for you; your Enemies, ſtruck with the Splendor of your Reaſoning, will do you Juſtice. How happy ſhould I be could I ſee all the World as entirely perſuaded of your Probity as I am.

Your

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Your Learning is allow'd by all the World; your greatest Enemies confess you are ignorant of nothing that the Mind of Man is capable of knowing.

My dear Husband! (this is the last Time I shall use that Expression) shall I never see you again? Shall I never have the Pleasure of embracing you before Death? What dost thou say wretched *Heloise*, dost thou know what thou desirest? Canst thou behold those lively Eyes, without recollecting those amorous Glances which have been so fatal to thee? Canst thou view that Majestick Air of *Abelard*, without entertaining a Jealousy of every one that sees so charming a Man? that Mouth which cannot be look'd upon without Desire; in short, all the Person of *Abelard* cannot be viewed by any Woman without Danger. Desire therefore no more to see *Abelard*, if the Memory of him has caused thee so much Trouble, *Heloise*, what will not his Presence do? What Desires will it not excite in thy Soul? How will it be possible for thee to keep thy Reason at the Sight of so amiable a Man? I will own to you what makes the greatest Pleasure I have in my Retirement. After having pass'd the Day in thinking of you, full of the dear Idea, I give my self up at Night to Sleep: Then it is that *Heloise*, who dares not without trembling think of you by Day, resigns herself entirely to the Pleasure of hearing you, and speaking to you. I see you, *Abelard*, and glut my Eyes with the Sight; sometimes you entertain me with the Story of your secret Troubles and Grievances, and create in me a sensible Sorrow; sometimes forgetting the perpetual Obstacles to our Desires, you press me to make you happy, and I easily yield to your Transports. Sleep gives you what your Enemies Rage has deprived you of; and our Souls animated with the same Passion, are sensible of the same Pleasure. But oh you delightful Illusions, soft Errors, how soon do you vanish away? At my awaking I open my Eyes and see no *Abelard*; I stretch out my Arm to take hold of him, but he is not there; I call him, he hears me not. What a

Fool

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Fool am I to tell you my Dreams, who are inſenſible of theſe Pleaſures? But do you, *Abelard* never ſee *Heloiſe* in your Sleep? How does ſhe appear to you? Do you entertain her with the ſame tender Language as formerly, when *Fulbert* committed her to your Care? When you awake, are you pleaſed or ſorry? Pardon me *Abelard*, pardon a miſtaken Lover. I muſt no more expect that Vivacity from you, which once animated all your Actions. 'Tis no more time to require from you a perfect Correſpondence of Deſires. We have bound our ſelves to ſevere Auſterities, and muſt follow them, let them coſt us ever ſo dear. Let us think of our Duties in theſe Rigours, and make a good Uſe of that Neceſſity which keeps us ſeparate. You *Abelard*, will happily finiſh your Courſe, your Deſires and Ambitions will be no Obſtacle to your Salvation. *Heloiſe* only muſt lament, ſhe only muſt weep without being certain whether all her Tears will be available or not to her Salvation.

I had like to have ended my Letter without acquainting you with what happened here a few Days ago. A young Nun, who was one of thoſe who are forced to take up with a Convent without any Examination whether it will ſuit with their Tempers or not, is by a Stratagem I know nothing of, eſcaped, and, as they ſay, fled with a young Gentleman ſhe was in Love with, into *England*. I have ordered all the Houſe to conceal the Matter. Ah, *Abelard!* if you were near us theſe Diſorders would not happen. All the Siſters charmed with ſeeing and hearing you, would think of nothing but practiſing your Rules and Directions. The young Nun had never formed ſo criminal a Deſign as that of breaking her Vows, had you been at our Head to exhort us to live holily. If your Eyes were Witneſſes of our Actions, they would be innocent. When we ſlipt, you would lift us up and eſtabliſh us by your Counſels; we ſhould march with ſure Steps in the rough Paths of Virtue. I begin to perceive, *Abelard*, that I take too much Pleaſure in writing to you. I ought to burn my Letter. It ſhews

you

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you I am ſtill engaged in a deep Paſſion for you, tho' at the beginning of it I deſign'd to perſwade you the contrary; I am ſenſible of the Motions both of Grace and Paſſion, and by Turns yield to each. Have pity, *Abelard*, of the Condition to which you have brought me, and make in ſome Meaſure the latter Days of my Life as Quiet, as the firſt have been Uneaſy and Diſturbed.

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LETTER VI.

ABELARD *to* HELOISE.

ABELARD *having at last conquer'd the Remains of his unhappy Passion, had determin'd to put an End to so dangerous a Correspondence as that between* HELOISE *and himself. The following Letter therefore, 'tho' written with no less Concern than his former, is free from Mixtures of a worldly Passion, and is full of the warmest Sentiments of Piety, and the most moving Exhortations.*

WRITE no more to me, *Heloise*, write no more to me; 'tis Time to end a *Commerce* which makes our Mortifications of no Advantage to us. We retired from the World to sanctify our selves; and by a Conduct directly contrary to Christian Morality, we become odious to Jesus Christ. Let us no more deceive our selves by flattering our selves with the Remembrance of our past Pleasures, we shall make our Lives troublesome, and we shall be incapable of relishing the Sweets of Solitude. Let us make good use of our Austerities, and no longer preserve the Ideas of our Crimes amongst the Severities of Penitence. Let a Mortification of Body and Mind, strict Fasting, continual Solitude, profound and holy Meditations, and a sincere Love of God, succeed our former Irregularities.

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LET us try to carry Religious Perfections to a very difficult Point. 'Tis beautiful to find in Chriſtianity Minds ſo diſengaged from the Earth, from the Creatures and themſelves, that they ſeem to act independantly of thoſe Bodies they are joined to, and to uſe them as their Slaves. We can never raiſe our ſelves to too great Heights, when God is the Object. Be our Endeavours never ſo great, they will always come ſhort of reaching that exalted Divinity, which even our Apprehenſions cannot reach. Let us act for God's Glory independant of the Creatures or our ſelves without any regard to our own Deſires or the Sentiments of others. Were we in this Temper of Mind, *Heloiſe*, I would willingly make my Abode at the *Paraclete*. My earneſt Care for a Houſe I have founded, would draw a thouſand Bleſſings on it. I would inſtruct it by my Words, and animate it by my Example. I would watch over the Lives of my Siſters, and would command nothing but what I my ſelf would perform. I would direct you to pray, meditate, labour, and keep Vows of Silence, and I would my ſelf pray, meditate, labour, and be ſilent.

HOWEVER when I ſpoke, it ſhould it be to lift you up when you ſhould fall, to ſtrengthen you in your Weakneſſes, to enlighten you in that Darkneſs, and Obſcurity which might at any time ſurprize you. I would comfort you under thoſe Severities uſed by Perſons of great Virtue. I would moderate the Vivacity of your Zeal and Piety, and give your Virtue and even Temperament: I would point out thoſe Duties which you ought to know, and ſatisfy you in thoſe Doubts which the Weakneſs of your Reaſon, might occaſion. I would be your Maſter and Father; and by a marvellous Talent, I would become lively, ſlow, ſoft or ſevere, according to the different Characters of thoſe I ſhould guide in the painful Path of Chriſtian Perfection.

BUT whither does my vain Imagination carry me? Ah, *Heloiſe*! how far are we from ſuch a happy Temper?

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per? Your Heart ſtill burns with that fatal Fire which you cannot extinguiſh, and mine is full of Trouble. and Uneaſineſs. Think not, *Heloiſe*, that I enjoy here a perfect Peace; I will for the laſt time open my Heart to you; I am not yet diſengaged from you; I fight againſt my exceſſive Tenderneſs for you, yet in ſpite of all my Endeavours, the remaining Frailty makes me but too ſenſible of your Sorrows, and gives me a Share in them. Your Letters have indeed moved me, I could not read with Indifference Characters wrote by that dear Hand. I ſigh, I weep and all my Reaſon is ſcarce ſufficient to conceal my Weakneſs from my Pupils. This, unhappy *Heloiſe!* is the miſerable Condition of *Abelard*. The World, which generally errs in its Notions, thinks I am eaſy, and as if I had only loved in you the Gratification of Senſe, imagine I have now forgot you; but what a Miſtake is this! People indeed were not miſtaken in thinking when we ſeparated, that Shame and Grief for having been ſo cruelly uſed made me abandon the World. 'Twas not, as you know, a ſincere Repentance for having offended God, which inſpired me with a Deſign of retiring: However, I conſider'd the Accident which happen'd to us as a ſecret Deſign of Providence, to puniſh our Crimes; and only look'd upon *Fulbert* as the Inſtrument of Divine Vengeance. Grace drew me into an *Aſylum*, where I might have yet remained, if the Rage of my Enemies would have permitted: I have endured all their Perſecutions, not doubting but God himſelf raiſed them up in order to purifie me.

WHEN he ſaw me perfectly obedient to his holy Will, he permitted that I ſhould juſtify my Doctrine; I made its Purity public, and ſhewed in the End that my Faith was not only orthodox, but alſo perfectly clear from even the Suſpicion of Novelty.

I ſhould be happy if I had none to fear but my Enemies, and no other hindrance to my Salvation but their Calumny; but *Heloiſe*, you make me tremble,

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your Letters declare to me that you are enſlaved to a fatal Paſſion; and yet if you cannot conquer it, you cannot be ſaved; and what Part would you have me take in this Caſe? Would you have me ſtifle the Inſpirations of the Holy Ghoſt? Shall I, to ſooth you, dry up thoſe Tears which the evil Spirit makes you ſhed: Shall this be the Fruit of my Meditations? No; let us be more firm in our Reſolutions; we have not retired but in order to lament our Sins, and to gain Heaven; let us then reſign our ſelves to God with all our Heart.

I know every thing in the Beginning is difficult, but it is glorious to undertake the Beginning of a great Action, and that Glory increaſes proportionably, as the Difficulties are more conſiderable. We ought upon this Account to ſurmount bravely all Obſtacles which might hinder us in the Practices of Chriſtian Virtue. In a Monaſtery Men are proved as Gold in the Furnace. No one can continue long there unleſs he bear worthily the Yoke of our Lord.

ATTEMPT to break thoſe ſhameful Chains which bind you to the Fleſh, and if by the Aſſiſtance of Grace you are ſo happy as to accompliſh this, I intreat you to think of me in your Prayers. Endeavour with all your Strength to be the Pattern of a perfect Chriſtian; it is difficult, I confeſs, but not impoſſible; and I expect this beautiful Triumph from your teachable Diſpoſition. If your firſt Endeavours prove weak, give not your ſelf up to Deſpair; that would be Cowardice; beſides I would have you informed, that you muſt neceſſarily take great Pains, becauſe you ſtrive to conquer a terrible Enemy, to extinguiſh raging Fire, and to reduce to Subjection your deareſt Affections; you muſt fight againſt your own Deſires, be not therefore preſs'd down with the Weight of your corrupt Nature. You have to do with a cunning Adverſary, who will uſe all means to ſeduce you; be always upon your Guard. While we live we are expoſed to Temptations; this made a great Saint ſay, that *the whole Life of Man was a Temptation*; the Devil

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Devil, who never ſleeps, walks continually round us, in order to ſurpriſe us on ſome unguarded Side, and enters into our Soul to deſtroy it.

HOWEVER perfect any one may be, yet he may fall into Temptations, and perhaps into ſuch as may be uſeful. Nor is it Wonderful that Man ſhould never be exempt from them, becauſe he always hath in himſelf their Source, Concupiſcence; ſcarce are we delivered from one Temptation, but another attacks us. Such is the Lot of the Poſterity of *Adam*, that they ſhould always have ſomething to ſuffer, becauſe they have forfeited their primitive Happineſs. We vainly flatter our ſelves that we ſhall conquer Temptations by flying; if we join not Patience and Humility, we ſhall torment our ſelves to no Purpoſe. We ſhall more certainly compaſs our end by imploring God's Aſſiſtance, than by uſing any Means drawn from our ſelves.

BE conſtant, *Heloiſe*, truſt in God, and you will fall into few Temptations; whenever they ſhall come, ſtifle them in their Birth; let them not take Root in your Heart. Apply Remedies to a Diſeaſe, ſaid an Ancient, in its Beginning, for when it hath gained Strength, Medicines will be unavailable; Temptations have their Degrees, they are at firſt meer Thoughts, and do not appear dangerous; the Imagination receives them, without any Fears; a Pleaſure is form'd out of them, we pauſe upon it, and at laſt we yield to it.

Do you now, *Heloiſe*, applaud my Deſign of making you walk in the Steps of the Saints! Do my Words give you any Reliſh for Penitence? Have you not Remorſe for your Wandrings, and do you not wiſh you could, like *Magdalen*, waſh our Saviour's Feet with your Tears? If you have not yet theſe ardent Emotions, pray that he would inſpire them. I ſhall never ceaſe to recommend you in my Prayers, and always beſeech him to aſſiſt you in your Deſign of dying holily. You have quitted the World, and what Object was worthy to detain you there? Lift up your Eyes always to him to whom you have conſecrated the

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reſt of your Days. Life upon this Earth is Miſery. The very Neceſſities to which our Body is ſubject here, are Matter of Affliction to a Saint. Lord, ſaid the Royal Prophet, deliver me from my Neceſſities! They are wretched who do not know themſelves for ſuch, and yet they are more wretched who know their Miſery, and do not hate the Corruption of the Age. What Fools are Men to engage themſelves to earthly Things! They will be undeceived one Day, and will know but too late how much they have been to blame in loving ſuch falſe Good. Perſons truly Pious are not thus miſtaken, they are diſengaged from all ſenſual Pleaſures, and raiſe their Deſires to Heaven. Begin *Heloiſe*; put your Deſign in Execution without Delay; you have yet time enough to work out your Salvation. Love Chriſt, and deſpiſe your ſelf for his Sake. He wou'd poſſeſs your Heart, and be the ſole Object of your Sighs and Tears; Seek for no Comfort but in him. If you do not free your ſelf from me, you will fall with me; but if you quit me, and give up your ſelf to him, you will be ſtedfaſt and immoveable. If you force the Lord to forſake you, you will fall into Diſtreſs; but if you be ever faithful to him, you will be always in Joy. *Magdalen* wept, as thinking the Lord had forſaken her; but *Martha* ſaid, See the Lord calls you: Be diligent in your Duty, and obey faithfully the Motions of his Grace, and Jeſus will remain always with you.

ATTEND, *Heloiſe*, to ſome Inſtructions I have to give you: You are at the Head of a Society, and you know there is this Difference between thoſe who lead a private Life, and ſuch as are charged with the Conduct of others; that the firſt need only labour for their own Sanctification, and in acquitting themſelves of their Duties are not obliged to practiſe all the Virtues in ſuch an apparent Manner; whereas they who have the Conduct of others entruſted to them, ought by their Example to engage them to do all the Good they are capable of in their Condition. I beſeech you to attend to this Truth, and ſo to follow it, as that

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your whole Life may be a perfect Model of that of a religious Recluse.

GOD, who heartily desires our Salvation, hath made all the Means of it easy to us. In the Old Testament he hath written in the Table of the Law what he requires of us, that we might not be bewilder'd in seeking after his Will. In the New Testament he hath written that Law of Grace in our Hearts, to the Intent that it might be always present with us; and knowing the weakness and Incapacity of our Nature, he hath given us Grace to perform his Will; and as this were not enough, he hath at all Times, in all States of the Church, raised up Men, who by their exemplary Life might excite others to their Duty. To effect this, he hath chosen Persons of every Age, Sex, and Condition. Strive now to unite in your self all those Virtues which have been scatter'd in these different States. Have the Purity of Virgins, the Austerity of Anchorites, the Zeal of Pastors and Bishops, and the Constancy of Martyrs. Be exact in the Course of your whole Life to fulfil the Duties of a holy and enlightned Superior, and then Death, which is commonly considered as terrible, will appear agreeable to you.

THE Death of his Saints, says the Prophet, is precious in the Sight of the Lord. Nor is it difficult to comprehend why their Death should have this Advantage over that of Sinners. I have remarked three Things which might have given the Prophet an Occasion of speaking thus. First, their Resignation to the Will of God. Secondly, the Continuation of their good Works. And lastly, the Triumph they gain over the Devil.

A Saint who has accustomed himself to submit to the Will of God, yields to Death without Reluctance. He waits with Joy (says St. *Gregory*) for the Judge who is to reward him, he fears not to quit this miserable mortal Life, in order to begin an immortal happy one. It is not so with the Sinner, says the same Father; he fears, and with Reason, he trembles at the Approach

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Approach of the leaſt Sickneſs; Death is terrible to him, becauſe he cannot bear the Preſence of an offended Judge, and having ſo often abuſed the Grace of God, he ſees no Way to avoid the Puniſhment due to his Sins.

THE Saints have beſides this Advantage over Sinners, that having made Works of Piety familiar to them during their Life, they exerciſe them without Trouble, and having gain'd new Strength againſt the Devil every time they overcame him, they will find themſelves in a Condition at the Hour of Death to obtain that Victory over him, on which depends all Eternity, and the bleſſed Union of their Souls with their Creator.

I hope, *Heloiſe*, that after having deplored the Irregularities of your paſt Life, you will die (as the Prophet pray'd) the Death of the Righteous. Ah, how few are there who make their End after this Manner? And why? It is becauſe there are ſo few who love the Croſs of Chriſt. Every one would be ſaved, but few will uſe thoſe Means which Religion preſcribes: And yet we can be ſaved by nothing but the Croſs, why then do we refuſe to bear it? Hath not our Saviour bore it before us, and died for us, to the End that we might alſo bear it, and deſire to die alſo? All the Saints have been afflicted, and our Saviour himſelf did not paſs one Hour of his Life without ſome Sorrow. Hope not therefore to be exempted from Sufferings. The Croſs, *Heloiſe*, is always at Hand, but take Care that you do not bear it with Regret, for by ſo doing, you will make it more heavy, and you will be oppreſs'd by it unprofitably. On the contrary, if you bear it with Affection and Courage, all your Sufferings will create in you a holy Confidence, whereby you will find Comfort in God. Hear our Saviour who ſays, My Child renounce your ſelf, take up your Croſs and follow me. Oh *Heloiſe!* do you doubt? Is not your Soul raviſh'd at ſo ſaving a Command? Are you deaf to his Voice? Are you inſenſible to Words ſo full of Kindneſs? Beware, *Heloiſe*, of refuſing

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fusing a Husband who demands you, and is more to be feared, if you slight his Affection, than any profane Lover. Provok'd at your Contempt and Ingratitude, he will turn his Love into Anger, and make you feel his Vengeance. How will you sustain his Presence, when you shall stand before his Tribunal? He will reproach you for having despis'd his Grace; he will represent to you his Sufferings for you. What Answer can you make? He will then be implacable. He will say to you, Go, proud Creature, dwell in everlasting Flames: I separated you from the World to purify you in Solitude, and you did not second my Design. I endeavour'd to save you, and you took Pains to destroy your self: Go, Wretch, and take the Portion of the Reprobates.

Oh, *Heloise* prevent these terrible Words, and avoid by a holy Course the Punishment prepared for Sinners. I dare not give you a Description of those dreadful Torments, which are the Consequences of a Life of Guilt. I am filled with Horror, when they offer themselves to my Imagination: And yet, *Heloise*, I can conceive nothing which can reach the Tortures of the Damned; the Fire which we see upon Earth, is but the Shadow of that which burns them; and without enumerating their endless Pains, the Loss of God which they feel increases all their Torments. Can any one sin who is persuaded of this? My God! Can we dare to offend thee? Tho' the Riches of thy Mercy could not engage us to love thee, the Dread of being thrown into such an Abyss of Misery should restrain us from doing any thing which might displease Thee.

I question not, *Heloise*, but you will hereafter apply your self in good Earnest to the Business of your Salvation: This ought to be your whole Concern. Banish me therefore for ever from your Heart; 'tis the best Advice I can give you: For the Remembrance of a Person we have loved criminally cannot but be hurtful, whatever Advances we may have made in the Ways of Virtue. When you have extirpated your unhappy Inclination towards me, the Practice of every Virtue will become

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become easy; and when at last your Life is conformable to that of Christ, Death will be desireable to you. Your Soul will joyfully leave this Body, and direct its Flight to Heaven. Then you will appear with Confidence before your Saviour: You will not read Characters of your Reprobation written in the Book of Life; but you will hear you Saviour say, Come, partake of my Glory, and enjoy the eternal Reward I have appointed for those Virtues you have practised.

FAREWELL, *Heloise*. This is the last Advice of your dear *Abelard*; this last Time, let me persuade you to follow the holy Rules of the Gospel. Heaven grant that your Heart, once so sensible of my Love, may now yield to be directed by my Zeal! May the Idea of your loving *Abelard*, always present to your Mind, be now changed into the Image of *Abelard*, truly Penitent; and may you shed as many Tears for your Salvation, as you have done during the Course of our Misfortunes!

Heloise

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Heloiſe to *Abelard.*

By Mr. POPE.

The ARGUMENT.

ABELARD *and* HELOISE *flouriſh'd in the twelfth Century; they were two of the moſt diſtinguiſh'd Perſons of their Age in Learning and Beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate Paſſion. After a long Courſe of Calamities, they retir'd each to a ſeveral Convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their Days to Religion. It was many Years after this Separation, that a Letter of* ABELARD's *to a Friend, which contain'd the Hiſtory of his Misfortunes, fell into the Hands of* HELOISE. *This awakening all her Tenderneſs, occaſion'd thoſe celebrated Letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which gives ſo lively a Picture of the Struggles of Grace and Nature, Virtue and Paſſion.*

IN theſe deep Solitudes and awful Cells,
Where heav'nly-penſive, Contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing Melancholy reigns:
What means this Tumult in a Veſtal's Veins?
Why rove my Thoughts beyond this laſt Retreat?
Why feels my Heart its long-forgotten Heat?
Yet, yet I love!——From *Abelard* it came,
And *Heloiſa* yet muſt kiſs the Name.

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DEAR, fatal Name! reſt ever unreveal'd,
Nor paſs theſe Lips in holy Silence ſeal'd.
Hide it, my Heart, within that cloſe Diſguiſe
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies.
Oh write it not, my Hand——The Name appears
Already written——waſh it our, my Tears!
In vain loſt *Heloiſa* weeps and prays,
Her Heart ſtill dictates, and her Hand obeys.

RELENTLESS Walls! whoſe darkſome round contains
Repentant Sighs, and voluntary Pains:
Ye rugged Rocks! which holy Knees have worn;
Ye Grots and Caverns ſhagg'd with horrid Thorn!
Shrines, where their Vigils pale-ey'd Virgins keep!
And pitying Saints, whoſe Statues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and ſilent grown,
I have not yet forgot my ſelf to ſtone.
Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he has part,
Still rebel Nature holds out half my Heart;
Nor Pray'rs nor Faſts its ſtubborn Pulſe reſtrain,
Nor Tears for Ages taught to flow in vain.

SOON as thy Letters trembling I uncloſe
That well-known Name awakens all my Woes.
O Name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in Sighs, ſtill uſher'd with a Tear.
I tremble too where-e'er my own I find,
Some dire Misfortune follows cloſe behind.
Line after Line my guſhing Eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a ſad Variety of Woe:
Now warm in Love, now with'ring in my Bloom,
Loſt in a Convent's ſolitary Gloom!
There ſtern Religion quench'd th' unwilling Flame,
There dy'd the beſt of Paſſions, Love and Fame.

YET write, Oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy Griefs, and echo Sighs to thine.
Nor Foes nor Fortune take this Pow'r away,
And is my *Abelard* leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in Pray'r;
No happier Taſk theſe faded Eyes purſue,
To read and weep is all they now can do.

THEN

THEN ſhare thy Pain, allow that ſad Relief;
Ah more than ſhare it, give me all thy Grief.
Heaven firſt taught Letters for ſome Wretches aid,
Some baniſh'd Lover, or ſome captive Maid;
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what Love inſpires,
Warm from the Soul, and faithful to its Fires,
The Virgin's Wiſh without her Fears impart,
Excuſe the Bluſh, and pour out all the Heart,
Speed the ſoft Intercourſe from Soul to Soul,
And waft a Sigh from *Indus* to the *Pole*.

THOU know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy Flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendſhip's Name:
My Fancy form'd thee of angelick kind,
Some Emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Thoſe ſmiling Eyes attemp'ring ev'ry Ray,
Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial Day:
Guiltleſs I gaz'd; Heaven liſten'd while you ſung;
And Truths divine came mended from that Tongue.
From Lips like thoſe what Precepts fail'd to move!
Too ſoon they taught me, 'twas no Sin to love.
Back thro' the Paths of pleaſing Senſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the Joys of Saints I ſee,
Nor envy them that Heav'n I loſe for thee.

HOW oft, when preſs'd to Marriage, have I ſaid,
Curſe on all Laws but thoſe which Love has made?
Love, free as Air, at Sight of human Ties,
Spreads his light Wings, and in a moment flies.
Let Wealth, let Honour wait the wedded Dame,
Auguſt her Deed, and ſacred be her Fame;
Before true Paſſion all thoſe Views remove,
Fame, Wealth, and Honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his Fires,
Thoſe reſtleſs Paſſions in Revenge inſpires,
And bids them make miſtaken Mortals groan,
Who ſeek in Love for ought but Love alone.
Should at my Feet the World's great Maſter fall,
Himſelf, his Throne, his World, I'd ſcorn 'em all:
Not *Cæſar*'s Empreſs would I deign to prove;
No, make me Miſtreſs to the Man I love;

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If there be yet another Name, more free,
More fond than Miſtreſs, make me that to thee!
Oh happy State! When Souls each other draw,
When Love is Liberty, and Nature Law:
All then is full, poſſeſſing, and poſſeſt,
No craving Void left aking in the Breaſt: (part,
Ev'n Thought meets Thought, e'er from the Lipsit
And each warm Wiſh ſprings mutual from the Heart.
This ſure is Bliſs (if Bliſs on Earth there be)
And once the Lot of *Abelard* and me.

ALAS how chang'd! what ſudden Horrors riſe?
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was *Heloiſe*? her Voice, her Hand,
Her Poinard, had oppos'd the dire Command.
Barbarian ſtay! that bloody Hand reſtrain;
The Crime was common, common be the Pain.
I can no more; by Shame, by Rage ſuppreſt——
Let Tears, and burning Bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.

CANST thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn Day,
When Victims at yon' Altars Foot we lay?
Canſt thou forget what Tears that Moment fell,
When warm in Youth, I bade the World farewel?
As with cold Lips I kiſs'd the ſacred Veil,
The Shrines all trembled, and the Lamps grew pale;
Heav'n ſcarce believ'd the Conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the Vows I made.
Yet then, to thoſe dread Altars as I drew,
Not on the Croſs my Eyes were fix'd but you;
Not Grace, or Zeal, Love only was my Call,
And if I loſe thy Love, I loſe my All.
Come! with thy Looks, thy Words, relieve my Woe;
Thoſe ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
Still on that Breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious Poiſon from thy Eye,
Pant on thy Lip, and to thy Heart be preſt
Give all thou canſt —— and let me dream the reſt.
Ah no! inſtruct me other Joys to prize,
With other Beauties charm my partial Eyes,
Full in my View ſet all the bright abode,
And make my Soul quit *Abelard* for God.

AH

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AH think at leaſt thy Flock deſerves thy Care,
Plants of thy Hand, and Children of thy Pray'r,
From the falſe World in early Youth they fled,
By thee to Mountains, Wilds and Deſarts led.
You * rais'd theſe hallow'd Walls; the Deſart ſmil'd,
And Paradiſe was open'd in the Wild.
No weeping Orphan ſaw his Father's Stores
Our Shrines irradiate, or emblaze the Floors;
No Silver Saints by dying Miſers giv'n,
Here brib'd the Rage of ill-requited Heav'n:
But ſuch plain Roofs as Piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the Maker's Praiſe,
In theſe lone Walls (their Days eternal bound)
Theſe moſs-grown Domes with ſpiry Turrets crown'd,
Where awful Arches make a Noon-day Night,
And the dim Windows ſhed a ſolemn light;
Thy Eyes diffus'd a reconciling Ray,
And Gleams of Glory brighten'd all the Day.
But now no Face divine Contentment wears,
'Tis all blank Sadneſs, or continual Tears.
SEE how the Force of others Pray'rs I try,
(Oh pious Fraud of am'rous Charity!)
But why ſhould I on others Pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my Father, Brother, Huſband, Friend!
Ah let thy Hand-maid, Siſter, Daughter move,
And all thoſe tender Names in one, thy Love!
The darkſome Pines that o'er yon' Rocks declin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow Wind,
The wand'ring Streams that ſhine between the Hills,
The Grots that echo to the tinkling Rills,
The dying Gales that pant upon the Trees,
The Lakes that quiver to the curling Breeze;
No more theſe Scenes my Meditation aid,
Or lull to Reſt the viſionary Maid:
But o'er the twilight Groves, and duſky Caves,
Long-ſounding Iſles, and intermingled Graves.
Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like Silence, and a dread Repoſe:

* *He founded the Monaſtery.*

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Her gloomy Preſence ſaddens all the Scene,
Shades ev'ry Flow'r and darkens ev'ry Green,
Deepens the Murmur of the falling Floods,
And breathes a browner Horror on the Woods.
YET here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad Proof, how well a lover can obey!
Death, only Death can break the laſting Chain;
And here ev'n then ſhall my cold Duſt remain,
Here all its Frailties, all its Flames reſign,
And wait, 'till 'tis no Sin to mix with thine.
AH Wretch! believ'd the Spouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the Slave of Love and Man.
Aſſiſt me Heaven! but whence aroſe that Pray'r?
Sprung it from Piety, or from Deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen Chaſtity retires,
Love finds an Altar for forbidden Fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought,
I mourn the Lover, not lament the Fault,
I view my Crime, but kindle at the View,
Repent old Pleaſures, and ſollicit New;
Now turn'd to Heaven, I weep my paſt Offence,
Now think of *Thee*, and curſe my Innocence.
OF all Affliction taught a Lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt Science, to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the Sin, and yet keep the S
And love th' Offender, yet deteſt th' Offence?
How the dear Object, from the Crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh Penitence from Love?
Unequal Task! a Paſſion to reſign,
For Hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine.
E'er ſuch a Soul regains its peaceful State,
How often muſt it love, how often hate!
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain—do all Things but forget.
But let heav'n ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,
Not touch'd, but rap'd; not waken'd, but inſpir'd!
Oh come! Oh teach me Nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my Love, my Life my Self—and You.
Fill my fond Heart with God alone, for he
Alone can Rival, can ſucceed, to thee.

How

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How happy is the blameleſs Veſtal's Lot,
The World forgetting, by the World forgot,
Eternal Sun-ſhine, of the ſpotleſs Mind,
Each Pray'r accepted, and each Wiſh reſign'd;
Labour and Reſt that equal Periods keep;
Obedient Slumbers that can 'wake and weep;
Deſires compos'd, Affections ever ev'n,
Tears that delight, and Sighs that waft to Heav'n.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt Beams,
And whiſp'ring Angels prompt her golden Dreams.
For her the Spouſe prepares the bridal Ring,
For her white Virginals *Hymenæals* ſing:
For her th' unfading Roſe of *Eden* blooms,
And Wings of Seraphs ſhed divine Perfumes;
To ſounds of heav'nly Harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in Viſions of eternal Day.

FAR other Dreams my erring Soul employ,
Far other Raptures of unholy Joy;
When at the Cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing Day,
Fancy reſtores what Vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then Conſcience ſleeps, and leaving Nature free,
All my looſe Soul unbounded ſprings to thee.
O curſt, dear Horrors of all-conſcious Night!
How glowing Guilt exalts the keen Delight!
Provoking Dæmons all Reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me ev'ry Source of Love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze all o'er thy Charms,
And round thy Phantom glue my claſping Arms.
I wake — no more I hear, no more I view;
The Phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay;
I ſtretch my empty Arms; it glides away:
To dream once more I cloſe my willing Eyes;
Ye ſoft Illuſions, dear Deceits ariſe!
Alas no more! — methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary Waſtes, and weep each other's Woe;
Where round ſome mould'ring Tow'r pale Ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd Rocks hang nodding o'er the Deeps:
Sudden you mount! you beckon from the Skies?
Clouds interpoſe, Waves roar and Winds ariſe.

I Shriek,

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I Shriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad Proſpect find,
And wake to all the Griefs I left behind.
FOR thee the Fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool Suſpence from Pleaſure and from Pain:
Thy Life a long-dead Calm of fix'd Repoſe;
No Pulſe that riots, and no Blood that glows:
Still as the Sea, e're Winds were taught to blow,
Or moving Spirit bade the Waters flow;
Soft as the Slumbers of a Saint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning Gleams of promis'd Heaven.
COME *Abelard!* for what haſt thou to dread?
The Torch of *Venus* burns not for the Dead;
Cut from the Root, my periſh'd Joys I ſee,
And Love's warm Tide for ever ſtopt in thee.
Nature ſtands check'd; Religion diſapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet *Heloiſa* loves.
Ah hopeleſs, laſting Flames! like thoſe that burn
To light the Dead, and warm th' unfruitful Urn.
WHAT Scenes appear where-e'er I turn my View!
The dear Ideas, where I fly purſue,
Riſe in the Grove, before the Altar riſe,
Stain all my Soul, and wanton in my Eyes!
I waſte the matin Lamp in Sighs for thee,
Thy Image ſteals between my God and me,
Thy Voice I ſeem in every Hymn to hear,
With ev'ry Bead I drop too ſoft a Tear.
When from the Cenſer Clouds of Fragrance roll,
And ſwelling Organs lift the riſing Soul;
One Thought of Thee puts all the Pomp to flight,
Prieſts, Tapers, Temples ſwim before my Sight:
In Seas of Flame my plunging Soul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.
WHILE proſtrate here in humble Grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous Drops juſt gath'ring in my Eye,
While praying, trembling, in the Duſt I roll,
And dawning Grace is op'ning on my Soul;
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thy ſelf to Heav'n; diſpute my Heart:
Come, with one Glance of thoſe deluding Eyes,
Blot out each bright Idea of the Skies;

Take

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Take back that Grace, thoſe Sorrows and thoſe Tears,
Take back my fruitleſs Penitence and Pray'rs;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt Abode,
Aſſiſt the Friends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me! far as Pole from Pole;
Riſe *Alps* between us! and whole Oceans roll!
Ah come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one Pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy Oaths I quit, thy Memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair Eyes, and tempting Looks (which yet I view!
Long lov'd, ador'd Ideas! all adieu!
O Grace ſerene! O Virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine Oblivion of low-thoughted Care!
Freſh blooming hope, gay Daughter of the Sky!
And Faith, our early Immortality!
Enter each mild, each amicable Gueſt;
Receive and wrap me in eternal Reſt!
SEE in her Cell ſad *Heloiſa* ſpread,
Propt on ſome Tomb, a Neighbour of the Dead!
In each low Wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the Walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying Lamps around,
From yonder Shrine I heard a hollow Sound.
" Come, Siſter come! (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
" Thy Place is here, ſad Siſter come away!
" Once like thy ſelf I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
" Love's Victim then, tho' now a ſainted Maid:
" But all is Calm in this eternal Sleep;
" Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep,
" Ev'n Superſtition loſes ev'ry Fear:
" For God, not Man, abſolves our Frailties here.
I come, ye Ghoſts! prepare your roſeate Bow'rs,
Celeſtial Palms, and ever blooming Flow'rs.
Thither, where Sinners may have Reſt, I go,
Where Flames refin'd in Breaſts ſeraphic glow.
Thou, *Abelard!* the laſt ſad Office pay,
And ſmooth my Paſſage to the Realms of Day:
See my Lips tremble, and my Eye-balls roll,
Suck my laſt Breath, and catch the flying Soul!

Ah

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Ah no—— in ſacred Veſtments may'ſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd Taper trembling in thy Hand,
Preſent the Croſs before my lifted Eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me, to die,
Ah then thy once-lov'd *Heloiſa* ſee!
It will be, then, no Crime to gaze on me.
See from thy Cheek the tranſient Roſes fly!
See the laſt Sparkle languiſh in my Eye!
'Till ev'ry Motion, Pulſe and Breath be o'er,
And ev'n my *Abelard* belov'd no more.
O Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What Duſt we doat on, when 'tis Man we love.

THEN too, when Fate ſhall thy dear Frame deſtroy,
(That Cauſe of all my Guilt and all my Joy)
In Trance extatic may thy Pangs be drown'd,
Bright Clouds deſcend, and Angels watch thee round,
From op'ning Skies may ſtreaming Glories ſhine,
And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

MAY * one kind Grave unite each hapleſs Name,
And graft my Love immortal on thy Fame.
Then, Ages hence, when all my Woes are o'er,
When this rebellious Heart ſhall beat no more;
If ever Chance two wand'ring Lovers brings
To *Paraclete*'s white Walls and ſilver Springs,
O'er the pale Marble ſhall they join their Heads,
And drink the falling Tear each other ſheds,
Then ſadly ſay, with mutual Pity mov'd,
Oh may we never love as theſe have lov'd!
From the full Choir when loud *Hoſanna*'s riſe,
And ſwell the Pomp of dreadful Sacrifice,
Amid that Scene, if ſome relenting Eye
Glance on the Stone, where our cold Reliques lie,
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a Thought from Heav'n,
One human Tear ſhall drop and be forgiv'n.

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* *Abelard* and *Heloiſe* were interr'd in the ſame Grave, or in Monuments adjoining, in the Monaſtery of the *Paraclete*: He died in the Year 1142. She in 1163.

And

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And ſure if Fate ſome future Bard ſhall join
In ſad Similitude of Griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole Years in Abſence to deplore,
And image Charms he muſt behold no more!
Such if there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well;
Let him our ſad, our tender Story tell;
The well-ſung Woes ſhall ſooth my penſive Ghoſt;
He beſt can paint 'em, who ſhall feel 'em moſt.

FINIS.

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